THE

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THE THROSTLE.

1.

"SUMMER is coming, Summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again."
Yes, my wild little poet.

2.

Sing the New Year in under the blue;
Last year you sang it as gladly.
"New, New, New, New!" Is it, then, *so* new
That you carol so madly?

3.

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See! there is hardly a daisy.

4.

"Here again, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unchidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

TENNYSON.

THE GREAT STRIKE.

I.

WHEN a guest invited to a symposium promises to come, and, at the last moment, leaves his place empty, he is bound to explain his discourtesy.

In truth a strike is like a battle. No one who was in it can give an account of it. Each man knows only the events on the spot where he stood. Time and distance are necessary for a complete outline and description. And these are generally better understood by those who have watched the fray without sharing it.

About the Strike I can say nothing but what everybody knows already; certain facts, however, have forced themselves upon me in the following order:—

First, the immense suffering which falls in a moment on women and children; and the ruin of careful thrift, which is drawn out from savings banks and prudential societies. Moreover, there is ruin among the lesser tradesmen; and a bar to the importation of food. A strike makes bankrupts of tens of thousands of the most deserving of our people.

Secondly, the unknown dangers which in a moment might, by the act of a fool, or a madman, or a malefactor, be let loose upon us. Once begun, no one could foresee the end.

Thirdly, the spread of a restless sympathy in the labour market all over the land, and especially in the chief centres of industry.

Fourthly, the almost certain injury permanently inflicted upon the Port of London. It is a proverb that capital, like fish, is shy. Once frightened away it will not return. Commerce is capital in

activity. London now only holds its own with difficulty in competition with Southampton, Cardiff, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Hull, and even with Antwerp and the French ports.

What we may hope will come from this strike is a registration of labourers and an organisation of labour. This will clear the dock gates and the East of London of thousands who year by year flow in from the country without knowledge or skill. They become a floating population of disappointed men; indolent because unemployed, living from hand to mouth, and dangerous because they have nothing to lose: starving in the midst of wealth and prosperity from which they are excluded.

Nevertheless, without any blind self-praise, I believe we may say that since the Cotton Famine of the North there has been no nobler example of self-command than we have seen in the last month.

And I am bound to bear witness not only to the self-command of the men, but also to the measured language and calm courtesy of the employers. They have maintained an attitude of resistance to what they judged to be excessive, or, at least, inconsistent with the grave interest of those for whom they were trustees. Now, happily reconciled, the conduct on both sides gives the surest pledge of peace; and of mutual and permanent welfare.

Slight disorders here and there were inevitable and foreseen. The seeds of them were sown before the Strike. They sprang up after it, not from it, and by wise policy will soon cease to exist.

HENRY EDWARD,
Cardinal-Archbishop.

II.

THE soldier who has just come out of the hot tempest of battle must not be looked to for the best, the most accurate, and the most impartial description of all that was most important in the engagement as a whole. His eyes and his skin (if no worse hurt have chanced to him) are still sore with the smoke of it; his ears are weary with the din of it; his impressions are crude and run one into the other—as the beaten and retreating soldiers tripped each other up by the heels. And his own part, whether a great or a small one, usurps his imagination and his memories. "I was here or there while such a thing was happening. I did this or that when the order to charge was given."

Still, whatever *rôle* was his, if he were there in the thick of the fight, he speaks with a measure of authority, as one whose actions were part and parcel of the event, and contributed to the general result. Presumably, too, his claim to be heard upon the matter is the more valid if he be proved to have been, in any worthy sense, a leader in the fray.

Had I been given an absolute choice, I would not have taken in hand, at this particular moment, to set down upon paper my own impressions of the Strike and its results. I am not yet—pen in hand—well clear of the stress and turmoil of it all. Accurate? Truly, I cannot say. Impartial? I will not pretend to say. I have been "down there" so much and so often lately; whole days and whole nights. And it is not easy to go "down there" week after week, and rub shoulders with men who are silently enduring hunger, and see the thin-faced women carrying their blankets to the pawnshops, and return home and be coldly impartial in telling the story. I will not apologise, either, for setting down my own feelings in my own way. Everyone has done it—has been forced by the human sympathy in him to do it—who has gone down into the East to see for himself the lives of the East End workers; and

I am more and more convinced that he who writes with real knowledge on the subject writes the more truthfully in proportion as his heart has burned more hotly within him. I almost would that I could scatter impartiality to the winds!

Yet I think, after all, that I can state the case for the leaders of the Strike with abundant fairness. Any other motive apart, there is indeed no reason for attempting to state it in any other fashion; since, in the great and extraordinary movement just ended, the cause of labour has been the popular cause the whole world over, and the strikers and their leaders have been supported and stimulated in their action by such an outpouring of public sympathy as I, for one, have had no experience of in association with similar uprisings during my twelve years of public life.

And now for the origin and commencement of the Strike. A word at this point with the Directors, who had notions of their own as to how the business was brought about, what causes led up to it, and from what sources it was most materially assisted. Mr Norwood has hinted at, and talked openly of, conspiracies, deeply-laid plots, secret and hidden agencies, and I know not what else of that sort. It was attempted to persuade the public mind that this was the outcome of a gigantic, organised, and secret conspiracy on the part of labour against capital, with a pecuniary basis of limitless subscriptions from foreign Socialists. Parenthetically, I may say that the amount of money which the Strike Committee received from first to last from Continental countries did not exceed, and barely reached, £100. Germany sent us, I believe, £50; France just half that sum; Belgium about as much as France; and we had reason to think that these sums, such as they were, were by no means exclusively the contributions of German, French, and Belgian Socialists. The statements and suggestions of the Directors under that head are thus disposed of.

The charges of conspiracy and secret plotting I think I can best meet and refute by a brief narration of the chief antecedent causes of the Strike, which will show how open and unabashed have been the methods of its instigators and leaders throughout. It is now some six years since John Williams, myself, and others, commenced our crusade amongst the dockers. A crusade of the

dawn, I may call it; for we did our haranguing amongst the men in the hours of the morning before their work and ours had commenced. I myself, with my wife, have frequently left home at three and four o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; tramped to the docks, made speeches at three different gates, and returned to begin my day's work in the West End at seven or eight o'clock. I have done this for weeks and months together; I was doing it at intervals through the years 1884, 1885, and 1886.

It was in this way that I came to know the men familiarly, and they to know me. Some of these men had been at school with me, some of them had worked under me in the docks—for I, too, have done my turn there, at my trade of engineer. We who were thus openly agitating and spreading discontent in this neglected corner of the world of labour, learned thoroughly the whole condition, economic and social, of the various classes of dock labourers; saw how wretched it was, and deliberately set ourselves to make the men revolt against their lot. That, in the end, we succeeded in doing so, says quite as much, I fancy, for the quality of the men themselves as for the resolute and persistent efforts of those who, when they had got the crusade into life, kept it steadily, and continuously, and resistlessly going. If the stuff we had to work upon had been such stuff as the dock labourer was once thought to be compounded of, we might have stood on tubs at every dock gate in turn, and talked the tongues out of our mouths—there would have been no strike. It is not to me, nor to any other apostle of discontent, that the strike was mainly owing. It owed more than all else to the fact—now patent to the world—that the dock labourer is a man radically different from the creature of whilom popular imagination. "The forlorn hope of the army of labour" he always was; but neither degraded nor a loafer. No; they were not loafers with whom we had to deal. There is no "strike" in the loafer. It is a fool's mission to preach revolt to *him*. It is the task of the priests of Baal trying to call down fire from Heaven; of Don Quixote seeking to make a knight-errant of Sancho Panza. The coals we blew upon were working-men; oppressed, beaten down; but working-men still, who had it in them to struggle, and to fight, for their daily bread. Is it the loafer by trade, do you think, who

is willing to shiver for hours under the dock gates, in the black gelidity of a December morning, for the chance of a shillingsworth of work, and work that needs as much muscle as will? I have seen dock hands fighting for the gates, like people tussling in the passages of a burning theatre: the fierce physical energy (moral inspiration apart) which the chronic loafer, even if he would, is powerless to exert.

Again, a strike of loafers (were the thing conceivable) would have been no such disciplined and mannerly affair as this has been. A hundred thousand loafers would not have roamed the streets on strike and given no trouble to the police, and stolen less even than Garibaldi's Red-shirts in their march through Calabria upon Naples. When trouble is abroad it is, one may say, the duty of the loafer to make it worse; for that way his profits lie. The honest worker in such a crisis knows how to efface himself for the good of his class. We knew well enough it was with the honest workers that our account lay in this movement. And, perceiving that the hopelessly casual nature of their employment made their standard rate of pay an utterly inadequate one, we perceived also that in organised action lay their only hope of bettering their wage. This was the point we thrust home on all occasions.

At this particular period, and still earlier, I was actively concerned in the spreading movement of the unemployed throughout the whole of the East End of London. Working thirteen hours a day for my own bread and cheese, at Brotherhood's, in Westminster, I made time to do something as a Socialist propagandist, and formed, or helped to form, several new trade unions in various parts of London. The last and most important of these was the Gas Stokers' Trade Union, which numbers now 11,000 men, who, within the last four months, have succeeded in obtaining a slightly better wage for an eight hours' day than they had been receiving for a day of twelve and thirteen hours. This episode of the new trade unions is a necessary note of my narrative, for its leads directly up to the Dockers' Strike.

Many of the meetings of the Gas Stokers' Union were held in the East End, in the neighbourhood of the docks. The dockers came in numbers, and Mr. Mann, Mr. Champion, and myself

addressed thousands of them. They caught the spirit that we were trying to inform them with; and when the gas workers had won their victory, the dockers in their turn became restless. It was that victory, in a word, that induced the strike of the dockers.

An old and settled dock hand, named Harris, appealed to me to form a permanent dock hands' trade union. I consented, and held a meeting of two thousand men, at which many members were enrolled. These were men who had refused to join the old dockers' union, which, from one cause and another, had ceased to be worth its name. But the formation of the new union forced the old one into an activity which it had not theretofore displayed; and of this unwonted activity the immediate outcome was the strike in the South Dock on August 13th. Some 300 men came out, refusing to work any longer for 5d. an hour.

On Wednesday, August 14th, Mr. Mann went down, on a telegraphic summons, to address the men. On the day following, I presented myself at the West India Docks, to render what help I could. Discontent was simmering; I spoke to the men, and found them eager and receptive. The end we had been striving after was coming into view. Some of the stevedores were not clear as to whether they should come out or not; and said as much. I opposed them vehemently, and the meeting—4,000 strong, at least—supported me. The stevedores gave way: they would come out, they said; and they came. From that moment the whole body of the stevedores stood to us through thick and thin, and were our sturdiest helpers. This meeting of 4,000 dockers I look back to as the real commencement of the Strike. The idea of it had now gone abroad; it was the general talk; it had "caught on"; it had taken hold of the docker's mind. This was something; for the docker had thought himself isolated and solitary in the East. The notion of combination—which, in all days to come, is to be the watchword of labour—had been hard to drive into him. It is a notion difficult always to instil into men who, while accustomed to take the dole of capital, have been fearful of asking themselves whether it were their only due. But we had warmed them up now, and they knew that it was a

question of combination or nothing. This conviction had to be widely spread; it must be made common to all of them; and on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, August 15th, 16th, and 17th, I spoke thirty-six times—outside of wharves, docks, and warehouses. Mr. Mann, Mr. Tillett, and Mr. Champion did as much. We put the match to every corner of the building—sitting on walls, or standing astride of palings.

The *Saturday Review*, by the way, does us a small injustice in its insinuation of the tub. I should have welcomed a tub often, had there been a tub convenient; but not a tub was used throughout the Strike. They did not even roll us out a barrel from the docks. The Strike, from first to last, was full of surprises to me; and it is—as far as I remember—the first revolt of its kind that has dispensed with the legendary platform of the demagogue. When the Strike was two days advanced, the stevedores took upon them to marshal and organise the men; no light undertaking, for recruits poured in at every hour, by fifties and by hundreds. In a little while the stevedores and the dockers were no more than units amongst the mass of strikers. The coal porters came out, the lightermen pressed after them; one trade called out another; we had at one time 100,000 men on strike.

The strain that was thus put upon the leaders is scarcely to be conceived. The economic questions of the Strike seemed for a moment to sink into nothingness in comparison with the question of the commissariat. We had to find food for 250,000 stomachs every day of the week. We formed committees; and the committees, and the relief committees, had to sit through the day and the night. There was not an hour out of the twenty-four at which two or more representatives of the Central Strike Committee were not to be found at their posts. When I went into the streets, hunger made its mute appeal to me at every turn. It is this that is so sad in every strike. There are moments when one asks if it be really worth while—if it be not better that the labourer should be let alone, to take his accustomed dole, and eke it out from day to day, as he has been used to do. This is a foolish sentiment, which half an hour of cool reflection disposes of. Every faith must have its martyrs, every victory its slain. The capacity

of self-sacrifice is the Philosopher's Stone that every agitator seeks for. He is powerless until he finds it; finding it, he has no more to ask. This power of self-sacrifice has been the great note of the Dockers' Strike. It was a lever the like and strength of which I had not had in my hand before, in any strike that I had helped in. If I could have put the hunger question from me, I should have been easy, knowing that I had to deal with men who were equal to the utmost of endurance.

But the very willingness of the men and their women to make nothing of the nip of hunger (perhaps the final test of endurance) pricked us to use our best to keep them in daily bread. We sent out our appeals, none too confidently at the first, but with increasing confidence as the days went on. I myself was astonished at the inpouring of public money. No appeal of strikers ever drew such continuous solid help before. Literally, we asked and we received. It seemed that we had only to say in the baldest terms that we were the dockers' treasurers, and the moneys that we asked for were forthcoming. Had ours been a Mansion House appeal on behalf of the sufferers by some sudden great disaster at home or abroad, it could not have been responded to with more extravagant generosity. Australia's subscription of £25,000 is known. In England, union after union pelted us with cheques; and every cheque was accompanied by an assurance that contributions would not be lacking, whether the Strike lasted for weeks or for months. The Compositors sent us £500; the Engineers £700.

The Strike being well forward, we had to face the difficult task of the organisation of relief. We had a population to find food for every day. On what principle should our commissariat be established? We took the East End shopkeepers into our confidence, and issued tickets presentable to them. This ticket system put an immediate check upon many possible abuses of our general plan of relief. Refusing to give money, we ensured ourselves against drunkenness and all the troubles arising out of it; troubles which have been the ruin of more strikes than one. This has been the soberest strike that I remember. From first to last, no man has asked me for money for beer. The abuse of relief was scarcely possible under the system that we instituted—a system whose

maintenance we insisted upon from the first day to the last. That we were able to carry out our orders on this particular point is something to our own credit, and a great deal more to the credit of the men we had in hand.

What surprised me, too, was the readiness with which other trades, whose grievances had not before been bruited, came forward to back the dockers. That there were, here and there, in all parts of London, labourers in different callings who were dissatisfied with their condition, I knew well enough. But I had not looked to these men to furnish us with the sinews of war; still less had I fancied that they would turn out with the dockers in the streets. But they did so; and the recruits from the outer world of labour—who had no immediate interest in the strike of the dock workers—were amongst our most valuable assistants. They gave a moral strength to the movement. Hundreds of the men who marched the streets with the dockers had nothing to expect from their adhesion to the movement; but all of those men represented a department in the service of labour, and their trades have gained not a little by the success of the dockers.

We took account of all the trades that had lent us help, and the successful issue of the lesser strikes that have followed the strike of the dockers is traceable in no small measure to the all but overwhelming influence of the first great movement.

Carmen employed by the Post Office have secured rises of from one shilling to four shillings per week; and almost every carman employed throughout the whole East End of London has gained somewhat. The workers in the chemical manufactories along the banks of the Thames, the engineering labourers, and, in all, some 200 trades in London, have gained a full 10 per cent. on their old wages, and shorter hours, by the Dockers' Strike. Shunters, porters, and a host of labourers, not directly connected with the docks, have secured their benefits.

Lately as the Strike has ended, new movements have grown out of it. Let me pause a moment to note how warm and widespread was the support that we received all through the East of London. A sort of antagonism has been imagined as dividing the East End shopkeeper from the East End labourer. But in this

Strike the shopkeepers have been amongst our most generous supporters. When I talk of East End shopkeepers I am thinking chiefly of the pawnbrokers. Five pawnbrokers out of six in the East End issued notices to the effect that they would charge no interest on articles pledged with them during the Strike; and lodging-house keepers remitted their rent during the same period. The whole East End rose and stood up alongside of us.

From the moment that we were certain of our organisation we had not a doubt as to the issue of the event. We had but to feed the men to the end, and the rest was assured. We fed them, and the day was ours.

I must turn now for a moment to generalities. I am asked, What is the net result of the Strike? I can answer in a word. The strikers have gained 1d. per hour on ordinary time; 3d. per hour from 6 to 8 p.m.; 2d. per hour after 8; whilst the four hours' call for 2s. pay gives a permanency that has only now been secured. Contract has been abolished. By the abolition of contract the men cease to be sweated by the gangers, as they have been hitherto. The contract system has been a material injury to the men throughout. We have given that system its quietus, and by so doing have removed a hundred causes of discontent and anxiety from the dock labourers. What other result has the Strike accomplished? It has destroyed now and for all time the system of sweating under which the docker found himself compelled to labour at starvation wages for the profit of his employer. It has abolished, or done much to abolish, jealousy and bad feeling of every sort amongst the dockers as a body. The brutal relations (I can give them no other name) that have existed between foremen and men have disappeared, or are bound to disappear in the immediate future. And, touching the relations of the men with their employers, those also will of necessity be bettered, inasmuch as the employers, dreading another strike, will have a substantial motive for keeping on the best possible terms with their men. Hitherto the relations of employers and men all through the docks have been degrading to the men. It will not be so in the future.

Must I say a word as to the relations of the leaders of the Strike with the representatives of the dock companies? Now that

the victory has been gained I am as anxious to say as little as possible. But, as an old agitator, I am bound to express my own personal feeling that in this strike I have had to deal with men who, from first to last, seemed to me to have a very imperfect appreciation of their own best interests, and very little regard for the feelings of others. More than this, I might say that the representatives of the dock companies never seemed to me to know their own business. It is not the first time that I have had to deal with employers as antagonists to the claims of labour; but in my dozen years of agitation I do not remember to have had relations with men more completely imbued with the spirit of pure "cussedness."

What then is our immediate position on the issue of the Strike?

The gain in wages I have already touched on. That is not the most important result to be considered. We have to note, above all, that labour throughout the whole East End of London has, by the outcome of this Strike, been placed upon a higher and more substantial footing with regard to capital than it has ever stood upon before. Still more important, perhaps, is the fact that labour of the humbler kind has shown its capacity to organise itself; its solidarity; its ability; its readiness to endure much for little gain. Then, the labourer in the East has acquired hope. He has learned that combination can lead him to anything and everything. He has tasted success as the immediate fruit of combination, and he knows that the harvest he has just reaped is not the utmost he can look to gain. He has learned the value of self-sacrifice in a large movement for the benefit of his class. Conquering himself, he has learned that he can conquer the world of capital, whose generals have been the most ruthless of his oppressors.

I have never ceased to wonder all through the Strike at the moderation and the honesty of the strikers. I have been in the thick of starving men, with hundreds of pounds about me (they knowing it), and not a penny have I lost. I have sent men whom I did not know, for change of a gold piece, and have never been cheated of a penny. Not a man through all the weeks of that desperate Strike ever asked me for drink money. I have learned by things like these that the educational value of the Strike has not been inconsiderable. I saw no drunken striker in any proces-

sion; I heard no one cadging for charity. One instance of the high spirit of these dockers occurs to me. A friend came from the West to search for me. He fell in with a striker, who walked with him two miles to the committee-rooms, and refused to accept a shilling for his services as guide. We had to deal throughout with men who were capable of this sort of self-repression, and it was because we had such stuff at our backs that we were able in the end to bring our opponents to terms.

A hundred things escape me that I might set down as showing the sympathy of the community; but I remember how generously all classes have acted towards us—the East End shopkeepers, and the pawnbrokers who refused to charge interest on goods pledged with them during the Strike; the landlords and lodging-house keepers who refused rent during the same period. I remember the subscriptions of sailors, soldiers, policemen, fishermen, and the blind men of Southwark. I remember the letters (with cheques enclosed) of noblemen, club-men, and clergymen. I remember the half-sovereign which an officer of the Guards gave me in the Park, with a half-uttered suggestion that if he were called upon to act against the strikers he would give them "blank cartridge." I remember that out of the thousands of letters I received from every part of the kingdom, there were two abusive ones, and two only.

As a Trade Unionist, my own notion as to the practical outcome of the Strike is that all sections of labour must organise themselves into trades unions; that all trades must federate themselves, and that in the future, prompt and concerted action must take the place of the spasmodic and isolated action of the past.

As a Socialist, I rejoice that organised labour has shown how fully it can meet the forces of Capitalism, and how small a chance the oppressor of labour has against the resolute combination of men who, having found their ideal, are determined to realise it.

JOHN BURNS.

THE NEW JOURNALISM.

BEYOND doubt we are on the eve of a new departure in English journalism. All the new journals adopt the new methods, and even the oldest and the most staid, cautiously and tentatively, and with a certain air of self-reproach, admit some of the features of the New Journalism. Before the revolution is finally accomplished, it is well, perhaps, to argue the questions which lie at the root of the difference between the old style and the new.

The main point of difference is the more personal tone of the more modern methods. There was a day when any allusion to the personal appearance, the habits, the clothes, or the home and social life of any person, would have been resented as an impertinence and almost as an indecency. If you turned to the reporting columns of the Houses of Parliament you found full reports of all the speeches—fuller and better than those you can find now; but you had no information as to how the speech was delivered or how received. You were told nothing of the personality of the persons who made the speech. There the long, lifeless even columns were before you; the speech, delivered in the dread void of the dinner-hour to a select audience of the Speaker and the orator himself, filled the space in exactly the same kind of way as the speech that was punctuated by the ringing cheers of a crowded and deeply moved House. The words that came with the fierce fluency of an impassioned speaker were given in exactly the same way as the speech that was interrupted by hems and haws, or mumbled from an inarticulate throat. It was the same, of course, with public men throughout their whole life. You saw their names frequently in print; you read the speeches they made; the lengthy memorandums, the solemn protocols they wrote. But of the man behind these

public utterances you were told nothing. And so it was with the other departments of human life with which a newspaper has to deal. If such a trial as that of Mrs. Maybrick had taken place fifty, or even twenty, years ago, the one thing which even the most sensational newspaper would publish would be the report of the evidence, and perhaps a report of the charge of the presiding judge. This is the state of things which the *laudatores temporis acti* regard as representing the halcyon period of British journalism; and this is the kind of thing to which many worthy persons would desire our newspapers to return.

Yet the very persons who make these exclamations are not consistent with themselves. If they were asked which history they prefer to read, history as written by Robertson and the older school of historians, or history as written by Macaulay and Carlyle and Green, there is little doubt as to the answer they would give. But Macaulay devoted a considerable portion of his writing to destroying what was called "the dignity of history." He did not scorn any detail—however trifling apparently—which threw a light on the habits or character of the historical personages with whom he had to deal. It is for this reason that his portraits are life-like and immortal, and that we all read his history of dead-and-gone personages with the same breathless attention as though they were beings of still living flesh and blood with whom we ourselves were acquainted. Macaulay did not neglect, as I have said, the smallest detail in making up one of these portraits—the kind of wig his hero wore; the food he loved; the way he tied his shoe. Take, for instance, the famous passage—his description of Westminster Hall, at the trial of Warren Hastings:—

"The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-Arms. The judges, in their vestments of State, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three-fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, George Elliott—Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defence of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of the realm; by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came

the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated, round the Queen, the fair-haired young daughters of the House of Brunswick. There the Ambassadors of great Kings and Commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a Senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had allured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen, and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labours in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition, a treasure too often buried in the earth, too often paraded with injudicious and inelegant ostentation, but still precious, massive, and splendid. There appeared the voluptuous charms of her to whom the heir to the throne had in secret plighted his faith. There, too, was she, the beautiful mother of a beautiful race, the Saint Cecilia, whose delicate features, lighted up by love and music, art has rescued from the common decay. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees, under the rich peacock-hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies, who, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against Palace and Treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire."

Even the dullest disciple of the older and orthodox style of journalism would admit that this picture is the more interesting from the infinitude of its petty details. We see all the personages as though they were before us; and the reason we are able to do so is that Macaulay has grouped together so many facts of their daily habits as they lived.

The same is true of Green. Here is a passage, for instance, quite in the style of the New Journalism, in which he describes the last days of Sir Thomas More:—

"The Act was no sooner passed than a Royal mandate bade More repair to Lambeth, to the house where he had bandied fun with Warham

and Erasmus, or bent over the easel of Holbein. The summons was, as he knew, simply a summons to death, and for a moment there may have been some passing impulse to yield. But it was soon over. 'I thank the Lord,' More said with a sudden start, as the boat dropped silently down the river from his garden steps at Chelsea, in the early morning, 'I thank the Lord that the field is won.' Cranmer and his fellow Commissioners tendered to him the new oath of allegiance; but, as they expected, it was refused. They bade him walk in the garden that he might reconsider his reply. The day was hot, and More seated himself in a window from which he could look down into the crowded court. Even in the presence of death, the strange sympathy of his nature could enjoy the humour and life of the throng below. 'I saw,' he said afterwards, 'Master Latimer very merry in the court, and he laughed, and took one or twain by the neck so handsomely that if they had been women I should have weened that he waxed wanton.'"

Then, again, the wealth of personal and other detail in the well-known description of Queen Elizabeth make it read like an extract from the much abused columns of a modern newspaper:—

"Elizabeth was now in her twenty-fifth year. Personally, she had much of her mother's beauty; her figure was commanding, her face long, but queenly and intelligent; her eyes quick and fine. She had grown up, amidst the liberal culture of Henry's Court, a bold horsewoman, a good shot, a graceful dancer, a skilled musician, and an accomplished scholar. She read every morning a portion of Demosthenes, and could 'rub up her rusty Greek' at need to bandy pedantry with a Vice-Chancellor. But she was far from being a mere pedant. The new literature which was springing up around her found constant welcome in her Court. She spoke Italian and French as fluently as her mother tongue. She was familiar with Ariosto and Tasso. In spite of the affectation of her style, and her taste for anagrams and puerilities, she listened with delight to the 'Faëry Queen,' and found a smile for 'Master Spenser' when he appeared in the presence. Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and of Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, and her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, manlike voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break now and then into the gravest deliberations to swear at her Ministers like a fishwife."

And of Carlyle it is truer than of even Macaulay and Green that he cultivated the methods condemned in the New Journalism. This is his description of Frederick the Great:—

"The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature and costume; close-shut mouth, with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow; by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative grey eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable of what joy there were, but not expecting anything worth mention; great unconscious, and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose, rather flung into the air, under its old cocked hat—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man, or lion, or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. . . . Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, steadfast as the sun; grey, we said, of the azure-grey colour; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them, vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy; clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation. . . . Just about threescore and ten years ago his speakings and his workings came to *finis* in this World of Time; and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men, which, as my readers and I may feel too well, is not by any means satisfied."

I should very much like to have been able to get the opinion of these three historians themselves as to the controversy between the New and the Old Journalism. It has been my fate, in writing some historical works, to attempt a description of some of the great Parliamentary battles of this century. What days have I wasted to get something like even a bare hint or suggestion as to what the debate was like, and the people who took part in it! I suppose there are few scenes in Parliamentary annals which will exercise a more enduring interest for mankind than the night of December 7th, 1837, when Benjamin Disraeli stood up for the first time to address the House of Commons. I can never forget the thrill with which I saw for the first time the report of that speech in the musty paper that appeared the day after this portentous event. The report

of the speech is full—much fuller than would be the report nowadays of a new and obscure member as Disraeli then was; but the Parliamentary correspondent had not then arisen to give us any idea of what manner of man Disraeli was at that moment. Yet how delightful, how interesting, nay, how intrinsically and historically important, it would be to have a photograph of the outward man at an hour which subsequent events have made one of the most momentous in the history of this Empire. A true understanding and appreciation of the character of her public men is part of the history and wisdom of a nation.

If Macaulay and Carlyle could be asked to give their personal experiences when collecting materials for their history, how they would mock the idea that journalism was to tell us nothing of the outer man and the private doings of statesmen! Macaulay burrowed through the badly-printed and illiterate ballads of the past to catch even the most passing allusion that would help him to make up his portrait of the character he was describing; and Carlyle did the same with the ballads and with the vilest and obscurest journalism of Paris. Would it not have been much better that they both should have found in the personal journalism of the period the materials ready to their hands, printed on good paper and in good type, readily accessible, and written in decent language? It comes to this, that we are to admire personality in history but not in journalism. In other words, history is to be made personal, but the material for making it personal is not to be allowed to exist.

But apart from the value of personal journalism as historical material, I hold that the desire for personal details with regard to public men is healthy, rational, and should be yielded to. Statesmen are not ciphers without form or blood or passion. Their utterances and acts are not pure intellectual secretions. If you want to know how such and such an act of weakness or folly is intelligible at some crisis in the history of a politician, you must have learned something more of the politician than you can get from the verbatim report of his speeches, or the colourless and dry language of his public documents. Behind every speech and every act there is the man—a weak man or a strong man, high or low, generous in

purpose or base in intrigue. You cannot get rid of this background if you want to describe the event accurately. You cannot do so when you are listening to the man, though you should never have to describe him. What lends effect to the speeches of Mr. Parnell? It is not oratorical fire, for he has none, and never attempts any. It is not great descriptive powers, great resources of wit. It is mainly the strong personality that one sees behind the words. With a few sentences apparently cold, the Irish leader is able to subdue and almost cow a House of Commons in which he is in a hopeless minority, and for the reason that words from him mean facts—are but the forecast of inevitable event. Suppose you were the historian of our times at the end of the twentieth century; how invaluable would it be to you to have a graphic account of some night of heat and passion in which Mr. Parnell made one of his historic utterances with clenched teeth and pale face! Three lines in the letter of a good London correspondent would give to such a historian a better idea of the scene than columns of reporting in *Hansard*, or in the journals of the following morning.

But then, it will be said, personal journalism goes further than the public man. No one's life is now private; the private dinner party, the intimate conversation, all are told. If this kind of thing go on, say the critics of modern journalism, we shall before long be in the same plight as the journalism of America. No doubt a real danger in the new school of journalism is here pointed out. I should be sorry, indeed, to see many things find their way into the columns of the pages of English journals which are admitted into the newspapers of America. Gossip of a personal character is good or bad according to its tone; and to the subjects with which it deals. Gossip should be always good-humoured, kindly, and free from political or other bias. One of the most common fallacies among those outside newspaper offices is that a paper is read solely for its politics. There could be no greater mistake; and, indeed, I may go further, and say that it would be highly undesirable that politics and politics alone should sell a journal. We should have come to a pretty pass indeed if all other departments of human life were shut out of our newspapers except those of party conflict. We, fortunately,

are not always talking politics. In the domain of charity, philanthropic effort, amusement, and society, we find common ground, however bitterly we may be divided on political questions; and an editor will make a great mistake who does not recognise this fact and conduct his paper accordingly. Nothing could — to my mind — be greater folly than to introduce political controversy into all and every department of a newspaper. Every journal which is of any political value greatly delights its friends and bitterly exasperates its foes by its comments on political subjects; but equally every journal, which is a true journal, supplies news in those columns which are devoted to news, that can be read with equal interest and amusement by men of all parties.

And now as to gossip. The lines between that which is legitimate and that which is illegitimate are pretty clearly laid down. One of our judges very properly said once that it would be an odious thing if newspapers were to be a sort of lion's mouth into which every man could drop his charge against the enemy he wanted to secretly stab. With this view I entirely concur. A journal that lends itself to slander, to scandal, to personal attack, is unworthy of journalism, and nobody ought to have any sympathy with it. But between slander, scandal, and personal and pleasant detail, there is a wide gulf. Why should not the public be told of how the party of Mrs. Smith went off; of how Miss Robinson looked; of the dress Miss Jones wore? These are things which deeply interest a large number of people They are the subjects about which we talk over the dinner-table; and it is the sound principle to which we shall all come at last in literature and journalism, that everything that can be talked about can also be written about.

With regard to private individuals: that there are restrictions which good taste and, if necessary, the law should put upon personal journalism, is clear. A different rule holds good with regard to public characters. There has recently grown up in the jury-box a spirit of savage hatred to journalism which has led to some very unjust verdicts and some scandalous damages A portion of the public seem actually to imagine that it is the desire

and also the interest of a certain class of journalists to libel everybody they can. There are newspapers open to this charge; but of the ordinary respectable journal no conception could be more incorrect. In every newspaper office there is a perfect horror—an almost morbid dread—of an action for libel. As a rule, it is a kind of action that brings no glory and no profit. It is usually taken by some adventurous solicitor with a penniless client. Take an action in which a newspaper was recently engaged. Mrs. Langworthy, in the days of her struggle and need, thought, like so many other desolate and despairing women, of trying to make a living by going on the stage. Her hopes were excited by seeing in the newspapers an advertisement announcing that for a certain small sum she would first get instruction and then a lucrative engagement. She sent her ten-pound note—I believe it was the last, or one of the last in her possession—to the advertiser; she got one lesson, and then there was no more of the teacher and no more of the engagement. The conduct of this scoundrel was brought under my notice. I thought it a terrible thing that poor women, fighting for dear life in all the forlornness and circumambient difficulties with which women in struggle with the world have to contend, should have their last chance destroyed, and their last hope cheated, by such a scoundrel; and a letter of Mrs. Langworthy was inserted which detailed the history of the advertiser. There was an action for libel; the case was decided in favour of the newspaper; the advertiser is now serving a sentence of imprisonment. Fewer women are cheated, but there is a dead loss of £300 on the transaction to the newspaper which did this public service.

Anybody who has spent even a short time inside a newspaper office, and who knows anything of newspaper methods, will know that the public suffer a great deal more from the cowardice than from the audacity of journalism, from the suppression than from the publication of awkward facts. Indeed, it sometimes seems difficult to see how there can be any honest criticism at all. The theatrical manager, the musical impresario, all advertise largely; are the best customers of a newspaper; and there is, of course, the same disinclination in the business of newspapers as in other businesses to fall foul of the best customer. Then, take a case where, in

the interest of the public, even a more vigilant criticism is required—the case of company promoters. Nobody can suppose that all the concerns, whose demands for public money have filled and even deluged the advertising columns of the newspapers for several months in the present year, have been honest enterprises. In fact, some of them have been shown to be nothing more nor less than downright swindles, which, under a proper system of law, would have landed their promoters in the dock and the convict cell. But what a hold the promoter of companies has upon newspapers which are struggling for existence! He is able to raise their income by hundreds of pounds a week; to transform what was a losing into a paying concern; and the favourable criticism or the equally valuable silence, which is often observed with regard to shady and swindling enterprises, is sufficient proof that these influences have not everywhere worked in vain.

Those, then, who live on the public have more than sufficient means of self-protection. But what about the public? In some newspapers, where the proprietor is specially timid or specially grasping, the veriest swindler in the world can purchase silence by advertisement, or compel it by a simple lawyer's letter. The newspaper proprietor—as I have already pointed out—sees in an action for libel a certainty of loss in almost every instance, and, in the best of cases, the very remotest chance of any gain. The result is that the protection of the public against robbery, instead of being too strong, is too weak; the ignorant juror who is determined to bring these newspapers to their senses is usually increasing the facilities for robbing him and his like.

A point on which the journals of the new school differ among themselves is the attitude a newspaper should assume to political questions. A great many people are of opinion that newspapers should take up towards all party conflicts what is called an "independent" position. So far as the interests of the journal itself is concerned, probably this is true. The journal whose course on any question can be foretold is not one that ever excites much enthusiasm. The journalist, on the other hand, who is able to keep his reader always in a state of suspense and curiosity as to the line he will adopt, undoubtedly does much to increase the interest and

the number of his readers. It may further be argued that the newspaper has a responsibility of its own, and a function as a public teacher, and that it ceases to perform that function when it becomes allied with any political association. To all these things I have to reply that I like an "independent" journal as little as the politician who assumes to himself the same adjective. In the one case and the other I have found that independence was a euphemism for personal vanity, personal interest, or mere crankiness of temper and opinion. Of course, much may be said for the detached politician, especially if there be some one cause which he thinks supreme over all the issues which at the moment divides political parties. This was the attitude—and the only just and proper attitude—of the Irish Nationalist, when the Liberal party, as well as the Tory, was coercing Ireland. If to-morrow I were convinced that the two political parties were as united against labour as they were united against Ireland, I certainly should have complete sympathy with the school of politicians who think that a labour party should take up towards Liberalism the same attitude as was assumed by Irishmen towards Liberalism. But a politician to be detached must first show that his cause is more vital and important than any that divides other parties; and must show, also, that neither of the two parties is taking any steps towards the goal he desires to reach. After all, in this rough-a-day world a man must make up his mind to be of one or other of the political parties that divide a country. A man by joining a party does not mean that he believes all the mistakes are on one side and all the wisdom and the virtue on the other. He means that, in the struggle for the triumph of ideas, the principles of the one party are sounder and more calculated to advance the public good than the other; and that, therefore, the triumph of the one party is better calculated to help the general weal than that of the other. A journal should be founded to advance definite and distinct principles, and should cleave to these principles. That, again, involves that its attitude should be one very, very different towards the friends and the foes of its political ideas. I hold it legitimate and right to say all the good that is true of your political allies and all the evil—I mean the political evil—of your foes that is true. To elaborately underrate the men

who are trying to advance your ideas; to elaborately praise the men who are doing their best to destroy the cause you hold to be sacred, is to my mind very bad morals and very bad politics. In short, the journal is a weapon in the conflict of ideas. It should be used in accordance with the dictates of fair and honourable warfare; but it should be used as a weapon to wound the enemy and to defend the friend.

Finally, I think a journal, whatever its views, should express them with the greatest lucidity and in the strongest and most striking manner it can command. We live in an age of hurry and of multitudinous newspapers. The newspaper is not read in the secrecy and silence of the closet as is the book. It is picked up at a railway station, hurried over in a railway carriage, dropped incontinently when read. To get your ideas through the hurried eyes into the whirling brains that are employed in the reading of a newspaper there must be no mistake about your meaning: to use a somewhat familiar phrase, you must strike your reader right between the eyes. The daily newspaper often appears to me to bear a certain resemblance to a street piano: its music is not classical, nor very melodious, and perhaps there is a certain absence of soul, but the notes should come out clear, crisp, sharp.

T. P. O'Connor.

WEAK POINTS IN OUR INDIAN FRONTIER.

THE development of Russian policy in Central Asia since 1885 has caused England to augment her defensive arrangements on the north-western frontier of India. That augmentation may be reckoned among the most effective efforts which even she has ever put forth. It would probably prove sufficient if the long premeditated blow of Russia were to be struck to-morrow. But the blow may not be delivered yet awhile, perhaps, till Russian preparations become more complete than they now are. Meanwhile, England, knowing that it must come sooner or later—unless she abandon her old established policy in South-Eastern Europe—should examine and re-examine her Indian frontier, to see whether her panoply is solid at all points, or whether any chinks can be found. Now, while acknowledging heartily the progress that has been made in the arming of the frontier, I apprehend that one or more chinks are to be found, as will be shown in this essay, and that they ought to be considered with a view to their being filled up.

At the outset it is well to remember that Russia has repeatedly, through her public organs, through the mouths of her officers and other representative men, declared her policy so plainly that Englishmen who run may read. The policy is briefly this: Russia has what she calls "national aspirations" in South-Eastern Europe. These may be expanded into the "Panslavistic" movement in the lower Danubian Valley, and in the provinces to the south of that district. But for the moment the "aspirations" are directed to South-Eastern Europe. This means that Russia is first to gain a footing in the Balkan peninsula, and then to make her final swoop on Constantinople. If England opposes this, then Russia is to

retaliate by a counter-movement directed against British India from the Central Asian basis. It is for this purpose that for a whole generation Russia has been forming, strengthening, and consolidating that basis, until at length it affords a standpoint from which a spring could be made. Up to the time of the Russo-Turkish War, in 1876-1877, it was thought that the Russian advance, if ever attempted, would be through Bokhara and Balkh by Caubul, and on by the Khyber Pass to Peshawur. This may be called the Northern line of advance. The Southern line of advance, by Herat and Candahar, was thought to be barred by the unsubdued power of the Turkomans east of the Caspian and around Merve. But, when freed from preoccupations in Turkey by the peace after the Berlin Conference, Russia proceeded to subdue the Turkomans, to annex Merve, and then to construct a railway from the East coast of the Caspian, through Merve, and across the Oxus to Samarcand. These operations will have the effect of enabling her hereafter to make a double attack upon India ; in other words, to move simultaneously by both the routes above named, the Northern and the Southern. Looking to the distribution of British forces in India, and to the arrangement of resources in Central Asia, we may readily perceive that the best plan for a Russian invader is to march by two routes. Even if one route be chosen for the main attack, it might be advisable to make a feint, or a reconnaissance in force, by the other route. While the railway from the Caspian had reached only as far as Merve, Russia could advance only by Herat, and so by the Southern route. But now that this railway has been extended across the Oxus to Samarcand, she can advance at will by the Northern route also. No doubt it is comparatively a long cry from the nearest Russian outposts to the Afghan interior by either route. I say comparatively, because, in relation to the distances already traversed by Russia, the remaining interval to Herat may be regarded as short rather than long. At all events, the railway bridge over the Oxus is not fit to bear the heavy traffic of warlike *matériel*, and that river is still a formidable obstacle. Be all this as it may, however, the remaining distance up to the Herat frontier will soon be traversed by a prolongation of a branch from the

Merve-Samarcand main line; and ere long the weak bridge of the Oxus will be superseded by a stronger and more durable structure. It is high time, then, for England to consider whether her Indian frontier is proof at all points against this double advance, that is, by the Northern and the Southern routes simultaneously.

Now, in reference to this, let us consider for a moment what the defensive arrangements are on the British frontier.

There are two principal points or passes in it—one in the North, named the Khyber, on the line from Caubul to Peshawur; the other in the South, consisting of the group of passes around the Bolan Pass. Both these points are well guarded—we may hope that they have been rendered impregnable. The Khyber Pass is extremely strong by nature; indeed, so defensible that it could neither be forced nor turned against resolute defenders or holders such as Britons would be when fighting for their Eastern Empire. Immediately behind it is the large military station of Peshawur. Behind that, again, is the great railway bridge over the Indus at Attock; and behind that is the railway system of India. If there is ever to be an invasion, this is the line most favourable to England and most unfavourable to Russia. After crossing the Parapomisus or Indian Caucasus, an arduous range of mountains, leaving in its rear a dangerous fanatical city like Caubul, and traversing a country barren of supplies, the Russian force would have to push through a long and precipitous defile in the teeth of British opposition. If it emerged from this Khyber Pass in any degree of strength and order, it would have to encounter while in a battered condition (to say the least) the British forces in perfect condition and assembled under every advantage. If a Cromwell commanded on that day he would say that the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hands. Of course, it may be said that Alexander the Great invaded India by this very route. But then he was a civilised warrior, contending with inferior and uncivilised foes. Whereas in the case supposed the defenders would be, to say the least, on a par with the assailants. The line, being of first-rate importance, must be held in absolute force. If it were broken the result would be disastrous to us. But when it is thus held we may anticipate that the enemy will not seriously attempt it, though he

would certainly make a demonstration in that direction in order to distract our attention.

No doubt the main attack would be by Herat and Candahar. Probably the invaders would for a while be checked at Herat, if the Afghans defended it with indirect assistance from the British. Still, if the Russians invested the place with all their might, England would not defend it to the uttermost, and it must fall at last, though the delay in its falling would be of advantage to her. Then the Russians would advance over a comparatively easy and level, though sterile country, to Candahar, where, presumably, the British would make their stand with every advantage, and where, as we hope, the invaders would be finally defeated.

For such a stand at Candahar the British would have every advantage. The railway from the Indus has been advanced to the Khwaja Amran range, within three or four days' march of Candahar, and within sight of the city by telescope. This railway route has been completed at great cost, and with consummate skill. It may still go by the historic name of the Bolan, but it leaves the Bolan on its left as it runs up to the Pishin Valley, and throws off a branch to Quetta. The defensive arrangements, both engineering and military, are formidably effective. Behind it is the railway bridge over the Indus at Sukkur, a mighty work ; and behind that, again, is the railway system of India.

It may be asked, then, Why should England not give battle on this line, on or about the Khwaja Amran range, a very fine position for her? Well, she might very well do that, so far as this line is concerned. But she would, I apprehend, have to move on Candahar and make a stand there—because, otherwise, the invaders might not move on the Khwaja Amran range at all, but might give that Southern route the go by altogether, might take Candahar, and, using that city as a military base, might march straight eastwards for the Goomul Pass. Forcing the Goomul Pass, and emerging therefrom, the enemy would strike the central zone of the Punjab, midway between the two main points already mentioned, namely, the Khyber in the North, and the Bolan in the South.

Now, the Goomul Pass has been for centuries a first-rate line, easily passable for troops ; and is as yet undefended. This brings

me to the main part of this essay. For the state of the Goomul is a weak point in our frontier defence and a chink in our armour.

It may be conceded, indeed, that, according to the preceding argument, a Russian invader making right for the Goomul would be stopped by the British at Candahar. He could not possibly reach the Goomul without taking Candahar, or without beating the British there. The environs of Candahar, superbly cultivated, form a rich oasis in the midst of a land mostly barren. Its supplies, in themselves abundant, would be recruited from India by the Pishin railway. This question of supplies is always uppermost in the mind of every military chief in those regions. The British commander enjoying this supreme advantage, of which his Russian rival must be destitute, would find his left flank protected by an impinging desert. He need look only to his front and to his right flank. Now the Russians would have to pass by that flank in order to proceed towards the Goomul Pass. Our hope, of course, is that such a movement would fail disastrously. Upon this reasonable assumption, then, they will never get to the Goomul by the Southern or Candahar route.

But then the enemy is not obliged to move on the Goomul by this Southern route. He would have an alternative route, for he might come upon this pass by the Northern line already mentioned. And therein is the rub, the pinch, the danger of the case.

We have seen that a Russian commander having successfully occupied Caubul would fail in making good his advance by the Khyber on Peshawur. Why, indeed, should he knock his head against that stone wall in the Khyber? No, he will move southwards, without opposition, to Ghuzni. We cannot stop him there. He would then find Candahar on his front, far away down south; but he would perceive that the Goomul Pass lies handy on his left flank. By that pass then, if it should continue to be undefended as at present, he would advance upon India. For this he would have military precedents; for by this very pass some historic invaders have emerged from the mountains on the Indian plains. The line, too, though like all other lines in Afghanistan, somewhat wanting in supplies, is a good route for traffic by beasts of burden, indeed the best commercial route in the country. Having got by these means a footing on Indian soil, the Russian invader would,

indeed, find his difficulties only beginning. Immediately in his front would be the Indus, here unbridged, very broad, with numerous swamps and side-channels on either bank, and forming one of the gravest river obstacles that an army could possibly encounter. Ferry boats, though of course existing in great numbers, would be unprocurable, for they would be withdrawn by the British. And while the invader, having entered India, lay hesitating in forced inactivity on the Indus bank, British forces would be fast converging on him from several directions. Still, the fact of his entering India successfully would be in itself an achievement calculated to produce a moral effect unfavourable to British reputation. What the consequences would be to India we need not discuss here. But surely it will be readily admitted that an advance by the Goomul ought to be rendered difficult, if not impossible. For, explain it away as we might, it would be an invasion.

This Goomul Pass is midway in the Sulemani range, which, running along the Indian border, from north to south, forms a mountain wall between the Punjab district of the Derajat and the belt of independent hill tribes fringing the eastern limits of Afghanistan. These tribes form a sort of buffer between us and the Afghans: though independent, they look much more to us than to the Ameer of Caubul; they have many relations with us, and are beholden to us in many ways. The pass is nearly opposite the well-known station of Dera Ismail Khan, in the Derajat. Now the British Government has pushed, and is pushing, its Punjab railways close to the Indus, opposite the Derajat district. But they terminate as yet on the left bank of that vast river, whereas the Derajat and the Goomul Pass are on the right bank. No bridge has thereabouts been thought of; the width of the river is enormous, its channels and currents are changeful; perhaps no suitable site for a bridge could be found; at all events, the finding would be extremely difficult. The other bridges over the Indus, already mentioned, are hundreds of miles away. Thus the Goomul, though not inaccessible, is yet comparatively out of the way for a large British force. Of course, we could cross the Indus thereabouts by ferry boats available to us in abundance, whereas the enemy would find this exceedingly hard, as he could not get the boats. Still, at

the best, the crossing of the Indus here would be a dreadful difficulty, even to the masters of India.

The question then arises, Is there no other way by which the Goomul could be easily, certainly, and safely approached by British forces? I believe that there is.

I revert to the railway by the Southern route, from the Indus bridge at Sukkur to Pishin, at the base of the Khwaja Amran mountains, overlooking Candahar, with its tunnel through the mountains. It will be remembered that this line runs through the territories ceded to us by the Afghans after the war of 1878-1879. Now, from the north-east corner of this valley there is a route skirting the Kadani plateau, and passing through the Zhob Valley. On the left flank would be the Candahar country. It thus runs in a north-easterly direction, leaving southwards, on its right, the newly established military station of Lurlei and the Thul-Chutiali Valley, trending towards Dera Ghazi Khan. I indicate these few local particulars in order that those who have a general acquaintance with the topography may recognise the line I mean. This route, then, running to the north-east from Pishin, would hit the Goomul Pass at a distance of more than 150 and under 200 miles—perhaps 180 miles. It would traverse part of the territory ceded to us by the Afghans, as already mentioned, and part of the belt of independent hill tribes also mentioned before in this essay. Nowhere would it impinge on Afghan territory proper, nor would its occupation involve us in any questions with the Afghans. The independent tribes hereabouts would probably yield to us a passage, as we have many means of procuring their acquiescence. Now the idea is to prolong, or rather make a branch from, the Pishin railway to the Goomul Pass. The line in question has not been surveyed at all, and explored but imperfectly. Still, its general contour and configuration are known, and on good information there is fair reason to believe that no engineering difficulties, and no obstacles to the comparatively inexpensive construction of a railway, would present themselves. The district is, of course, embosomed amidst hills, but is not ruggedly mountainous. It is not cultivated, nor populated, nor fertile. Still, it is not destitute of inhabitants, supplies, and water. It possesses these necessaries, not

abundantly, nor sufficiently, perhaps, but in a passable degree. The inhabitants are not, indeed, mild and peaceful. But under the influence of a civilised Government they would not prove unmanageable or intractable. The strategic merits of such a railway are manifest. The Goomul Pass, which may be described as the central point in our great frontier, would be brought into easy communication with Pishin, Quetta, and the Bolan, which, as a group, may be described as the Southern point. The one would support the other according as the movements of the enemy might require. Moreover, the line would run at some distance, but still almost within striking distance, of the rear of Candahar. Thus two main points in the British frontier—the Bolan and the Goomul—would be linked, and the road from Candahar to the Goomul would be barred to a Russian invader. It is hardly too much to say that, with this double precaution, the Southern line of advance would be impracticable for Russia if English officers and men evinced their wonted nerve and vigilance. There remains the alternative to the Russian commanders of moving from the Oxus to Balkh, Caubul, and Ghuzni, towards the Goomul, as already explained, and that alternative is admittedly formidable to us. Well; but in that case the approach to the Goomul would be blocked.

This strategic and political vantage ground could not, of course, be gained without expense. The railway of 180 miles, roughly outlined from Pishin to the Goomul Pass, at an average of £8,000 a mile, would cost nearly a million and a half, added to the public debt, and would impose an annual charge of £60,000 on the Indian revenues. It would be a military line mainly, and though it might pay its working expenses, yet for a long time to come the interest charge on the capital would have to be defrayed by the Indian Treasury. On the other hand, if the strengthening of our frontier defence were by these means secured in what might be a vital point, the annual charge above indicated would not be disproportionately large, nor in itself excessive. There remains the important detail of the Goomul Pass itself. This pass has not been properly explored by Europeans. But it is understood to be somewhat open and so far inferior in defensibility to passes like the Khyber or the Bolan, because it has not so much the character of a

defile. This would be fortunate for the invader and unfortunate for the defender. Still, the hills abut on the pass with sufficient closeness to enable us to stop the way and establish defensive positions. In the present state of our knowledge I cannot write positively regarding the practicability of the suggested railway. But there is a *primâ facie* case for anxious inquiry, as the military importance of the Goomul Pass, in the event of invasion, is beyond doubt.

But when we shall have accomplished all this, our work will not be entirely done. There yet remains, in all probability, another gap, or another chink in the armour of our frontier. For a Russian commander advancing, as already explained, by Balkh, Caubul, and Ghuzni, and finding himself foiled in the direction of the Goomul, might yet find another pass that would do equally well, and might prove even yet more handy, and that is the Tochee Pass, opposite Bunnoo, and above the Koorrum Valley, near Khost. I give these names in order that those who know the country may recognise the place which is indicated. Now this Tochee Pass lies due east of Ghuzni, at a distance of not more than 100 miles, and is actually nearer than the Goomul Pass. The topography of this pass is not really known, though its existence and its use for traffic are sure enough. But its strategic capabilities are unascertained. It may be so stiff and rugged as to be impassable for a considerable force. But most probably it is sufficiently passable. Doubtless it could be barred by defensive positions without much difficulty. It leads right into Bunnoo, a fertile valley under British rule, and the Indus is not far in its rear. The Indus crossing at this point takes the name of Kalabagh, just where the river, emerging from the hills, enters finally upon the far-stretching plains. Behind the Kalabagh crossing lies the Punjab. The railway communication between the Punjab and Bunnoo, and thence on to the Tochee Pass, is not easy to manage. Up to the left, or Indian, bank of the Indus, there is no difficulty. Indeed, Kalabagh can be approached by three railways: from the east by the line which runs near the salt mines; from the south by the line which passes near the left bank of the Indus; and from the north by a continuation of the line that has been constructed from Peshawur,

along the narrow mountain-locked valley of the Indus. Thus, if an enemy were seen to be marching from Ghuzni towards the Tochee Pass, the British forces would rapidly converge on Kalabagh within two or three marches of Bunnoo, not far from the mouth of the pass. But there remains the problem of crossing the mighty stream. Still the river at Kalabagh, though broad, deep, and swift, is by no means so bad as it is opposite Dera Ismail Khan, according to the brief description already given. At Kalabagh a site for bridging the river might be found, the banks being strong and well defined. But at the best the bridging of the Indus must be a very considerable and costly undertaking; and before thinking of that, the British Government must explore the Tochee Pass, to see whether it is really a vulnerable point or not, and whether it would afford an entrance to an invader or not. But I submit that a military survey of that pass ought to be made, so that the strategic bearings may be understood.

The cost incurred in the defence of this grand frontier, since the development of Russian designs, has been great, amounting within recent years to at least nine millions sterling; and undoubtedly two or three more millions, perhaps even four, may have to be added. This represents an addition to the national debt of India—not a very considerable addition, in relation to the resources of our Eastern Empire, and to the fearful issues at stake in the event of invasion being attempted. But the defensive arrangements which have been already effected, or are still in progress, will form a monument of British puissance and prowess in the East—will constitute a worthy sequel to the magnificent operations which, during several generations, have won, founded, consolidated the Empire—and will return a severe answer to the challenge which Russia has offered to us by her movements, her enterprises, her railways beyond the Caspian, and in the basins of the Oxus and Jaxartes.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OPORTO

A DISTINGUISHED traveller once told me that his first proceeding on arriving at a strange city was to mount to the top of its highest building, thence to take his bearings and to get a bird's-eye view of streets and buildings and the movements of the dwellers therein; all of which he would presently descend to examine at closer quarters. On this principle a new comer to Oporto can do no better than ascend the lofty tower of the Clerigos Church, which stands on the tallest hill of the city, and look about him. The chief streets radiate from the market-place below, and the various waves of city life break at the tower's foot.

He who watches on a winter's evening from this tower can see the sun go down upon the city, and, when twilight is already coming on, the street lamps begin to flicker here and there in dark corners at his feet, like earth stars to him who stands almost in the clouds. While the dimness of failing day is beginning to gather in the streets, the sun is still, for him alone, round and glaring, seaward, and casting red and level rays on the pine-covered mountain tops that lie far away in the east towards Spain. Then he may review the whole city life at its most interesting moment, when work is done and rest and pleasure begin. He will look down upon the coming home of the people from their work; the gossip of men with men, and women with women, at street corners; the love meetings of young men and girls; the gathering of idle passers-by round the pedlar with his wares, the showman with his tamed birds, or mayhap, on a fair day, the strolling bear-ward with his chained and muzzled bear, that lifts his clumsy paws to dance uncouthly to the slow music of the mountain pipe—the *pifano*—of his leader; the knife-grinder, with his Pandean pipe, collects his own crowd; or the street conjurer and mountebank gather a

larger one with the beating of their big drums, their professional cries, and queer patter.

While the streets fill, all the various sounds of human life mount confusedly into the air—the women's voices, the deeper hum of men in talk, the shouts and cries of children, the voices of altercation, the voices of laughter, the voices of weeping; and mingling with this murmur of loud and lesser human utterance comes the tinkle of guitars, as the young men serenade their mistresses, or walk along striking simple chords to the burden of their companions' songs.

Suddenly the Angelus bell rings, and all the various sounds and voices are hushed to a momentary prayerful stillness, then flow on again. Presently there rises into the transparent air the thin blue smoke of burning wood from a thousand chimneys near and far, for at nightfall the housewife lights her fire and sets on her *olha*—the earthen pot that holds the family supper. Notwithstanding these preparations for the evening meal, crowds still hold the streets, if the night be fine, and increase till complete darkness falls. Often the watcher from high up will see the approaching lights of the processional Host-bearers, and catch the distant sound of their singing before it is audible to the noisy crowd below. Presently the solemn chant fills all the air, and the men uncover their heads, and the people fall to their knees, awed once more by the sight of the priests in their sacred robes, the censer-bearing, white-stoled acolytes, the great uplifted Crucifix of silver, the silken embroidered canopy carried over him who bears the Monstrance, and by the rhythmic, solemn plain-song of the moving train. They pass hastily onwards upon their pious mission, and, as the tinkling of the handbell gives the signal, the deep chanting voices of men cease and the crowd join in a higher key in a burden where the shrill voices of women and children mingle with the men's in a tumultuous hymnic song, that has some strange indefinable suggestion of mystic faith and mystic hopefulness in it.

The impression caused upon the people is only transitory, and presently the talk, the laughter, the tinkle of guitars, the love songs, and the cries of showman and pedlar and Cheap Jack go forward as before.

To the Portuguese peasant the great cities of the North, and especially Oporto, are temporary paradises to which he resorts in crowds on fair and feast days. Then may be seen mingling with the citizens the sturdy, sunburnt farmers, with their quarter-staves in their hands. The young men, if they be rich and in the local fashion, come in their horseman's jacket of black felted cloth, with gold studs in their white shirts, tall jackboots, a red sash round their waists, and a cutting whip in their hands, or, what serves the Portuguese rider as well, a long sapling of the quince tree; modest young fellows, most of them, shamefaced and blushing, in spite of their great boots and their silver spurs. Hither flock the peasant girls in troops, shy, too, but less so than their lovers, and dressed in their finery of gay-coloured kerchiefs, red petticoats, and shapely bodices, with a surprising wealth of peasant jewellery of gold, necklaces, earrings, and enormous breast-pieces of ancient Moorish design. The gold is pure, and its redness harmonises excellently with the abundant dark hair and nut-brown skins, smooth, with a healthy, sunburnt ruddiness, of these comely, great-eyed, deep-breasted daughters of the soil. It has been observed of Portuguese women that their beauty increases, after Lisbon is left behind, with every degree of Northern latitude till the Spanish frontier is reached. Let the border river, Minho, be crossed and beauty is left behind on its southern bank with the Portuguese language. The Galician is an estimable but a hard-featured person.

In this aforesaid gamut of good looks, with its *crescendo* towards the north and its *finale* at the frontier river, there are districts where a more than usually harmonious chord is struck. In plainer language, there are parishes where the women are quite exceptionally pretty. One of these favoured localities is Arioza, in the far North, a district that is noted for the great beauty of its women and for their extremely becoming costumes; two things that seem to be—as the savants have it—co-related. In the neighbourhood of Oporto there is another such locality, at Avintes. In some parts of this district the children at the cottage doors, boys and girls, are strikingly well featured, and every third or fourth girl one meets is nothing less than lovely. The women here are taller and more slender and graceful than the average, with delicate transparent complexions in place of

the healthy brown ruddiness that is common elsewhere. They have large, expressive eyes, and features full of a pleasant intelligence.

An eminent painter, now a Royal Academician, looking on these fair women in my company, likened them to those artists' model-women who are reared at Albano, near Rome, and sit, or used to sit, in picturesque attitudes on the steps of the Church of the Trinity near the Pincian Hill; but the young women of Albano are milk-maids compared with the slim and stately maidens of Avintes and Arioza. Apart from this, the Italian model-women apparently commit the enormity of dressing in an impossible peasant costume to please, not their peasant lovers, but the artists who employ them.

It is clear to anyone who mingles with the crowds of peasants on market days that this great city of Oporto, the very oldest seat of civilised man in Portugal, and still the chief centre of all political and commercial movements, has nevertheless been built and peopled mainly for the sake of the rural folk. Hardly a stone of a single house in all the city but has, directly or indirectly, been paid for by the sweat of the peasant's brow; and not a meal is eaten but the peasant contributes thereto. There would be no industries or manufactures but for him, and even the great trade carried on in port wine, which so enriches the kingdom, is but the sending abroad of the wine which the peasant has grown and made. Except for wine and some other natural produce of the soil, nothing goes over the Bar of the Douro. All that is grown, all that is manufactured, is for the peasant's use or for the urban man who acts as his agent; and, as I have said, on market days and on all the great festivals of the year, the country people invade the great city which is their own, and then the chief streets and open squares have the aspect of a village green on fair day.

Until quite a recent period Portugal has hardly been traversed by road and railway, and inter-communication between each district has been so slight and so rare that almost every parish still possesses its own peculiar costume and its own type of looks, good or bad. Many of these differences can be studied most conveniently in Oporto. From the north of the city come, as a rule, bright dresses, bright faces, and an uncommon wealth of gold ornaments; while from the south, and the great marsh-lands that lie

thereabouts, the women travel to town in dark garments, wear but few ornaments, and cover their heads with black felt hats of such enormous size and heaviness as would suffice to eclipse the good looks and gaiety of the prettiest and most laughter-loving of maidens; but these particular rustic maidens are neither gay nor pretty. They come from a low-lying, ague-stricken region of canals and rice fields and reedy swamps, and men's and women's faces are mostly wan and haggard. At Ovar and Esmoriz, marsh-surrounded hamlets both, the local broad hats become quite portentous in size. To prevent the brims from flapping down over the wearers' faces altogether, a series of strings reach down from the crown all round to the outer rim, like the shrouds of a mast in a Chinese junk, and keep all taut. These hats are a marvel to see, being in diameter quite as great as a large umbrella, and are a proof of what people will suffer to be in the fashion. The men do not encumber themselves with this absurd headgear.

The Northern Portuguese possesses something of the Spaniard's gravity, that is, of the Spaniard of North and Central Spain, the true Spaniard, the Castilian; and the common saying that the Minhote, the dweller on the northern side of Oporto, is the Italian of Portugal, is, like most superficial generalisations, untrue. No dweller in any part of Portugal is like any Italian in ways, thoughts, manners, or bearing. The Portuguese is a being apart, as the Castilian is, and as the Andalusian is; but it is not in the narrow limits of a review article that I would venture to differentiate him fully from other Southerners.

It is true that the Portuguese from the North is gayer than his brother from the South; but it comes, I believe, chiefly from his better circumstances; and these again are mainly the result of his more earnest, determined character, which sets him resolutely on making his way, and on taking a firmer grip of the material things of life; and when he succeeds, as he mostly does, he is left with more leisure to look about him and be glad and gay. He eats better, sleeps warmer, works more regularly and rationally, and relaxes from his labour more freely, and to the accompaniment of the wine-cup and the guitar, and with laughter and light song and light talk. Yet for all this occasional relaxation the Northern Portuguese

is a grave man, fully persuaded of the seriousness of life in most of its aspects; and he has a character and manners that accord with his views and that are peculiar to himself. This applies only to the peasant; for, superficially, in manner and bearing at least, the cultivated members of the various nationalities of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg and from Paris to Bucharest, are so like each other, have so entirely put off their individual racial characteristics, that, but for accent and feature and complexion, none could be told apart. All but the Englishman and the German—we two nations alone sturdily prefer our own individuality and our own ways to the modern Continental fashions of speech and manner.

I do not know for how long the peasant classes of Europe will continue to preserve their racial distinctiveness and forbear to imitate the classes above them in becoming citizens of the world in their behaviour; but I suspect the Portuguese will be among the latest to depart from their ancient traditions.

There is one point in which the Portuguese stands, I will not say alone among European peasants, but certainly among the minority of them. It has always seemed strange to me that observers, and even close observers, have never noticed that the rustic Portuguese, willing as they always are to be civil and kindly, seldom show their amiability after the common mode of the majority of other amiable human beings by a smile. When peasant meets peasant in the road, or by the village cross, in field, in street, or at market, they express pleasure, salutation, and courtesy in a way of their own, but gravely, never with the forced and sterile grin of so-called cultivated people.

By some accounts this facial spasm is itself an innovation, and was a trick of fashion set so little time ago as at the beginning of the last century; and the mode, said to have originated at Vienna, coming to Paris, was there, it is reported, called *La Viennoise*, and from that centre, so rapid is the spread of absurdity, extended to the ends of Europe. And surely this unmirthful smile that we all employ, this grin that is only of the lips, is an absurd thing, neither natural nor decorous; for why should I smile inanely and endeavour to seem glad when I meet an acquaintance? Why should he return this conventional salutation with a corresponding

contraction of the muscles of his face when he sees me? How is he to know that I am not weighed down by some secret sorrow which my smile of greeting but thinly conceals? How am I to be sure that my own smile should not rather be a groan of sympathy or a silent tear? We smile in concert, hypocrites that we are, while perhaps our very hearts are torn asunder! How much wiser is the courteous gravity of the Portuguese peasant, or the stern salutation of the Oriental, who has not yet caught this European trick of the lips, and who meets and greets his acquaintance with the grave sympathy of one wayfarer meeting another on this rugged, tortuous path of life that has its ending only in the mysterious grave!

Although Oporto has been deprived of many ancient and interesting buildings, it is still, regarded from any high and commanding point of view, a very picturesque city. The houses, as they rise confusedly from the river's edge, some painted in strong reds, blues, or greens, some left whitewashed, and the majority retaining the granite grey of the stone they are built with, make up a very strange and beautiful panorama, ringed as the city is by the encircling pine-covered mountains. The River Douro flows through its midst, widening within its precincts into the semblance of a great lagoon, on whose surface are reflected the steep banks covered with church towers and trees and a wilderness of many-coloured houses. Like Rome, the city is built, or is said to be, upon seven hills; but the hills of Oporto are higher than those of Rome, and their acclivities more abrupt.

It is not until the visitor has thus taken a bird's-eye view of Oporto that he is aware of one of its main peculiarities and beauties—a private, particular, and, as it were, domestic recommendation. It is that the city is, beyond any I know of, a city of gardens. Looking down upon and over the houses, one sees that many of them are imbedded in flowers and shrubs and the green leafage of trees. The ancient central and more crowded quarters of the city are necessarily gardenless; but, seen from an eminence, the rest of Oporto seems rather a great luxuriant garden-ground, interspersed with houses, than an ordinary town.

What gives a certain fantastic strangeness to all Portuguese

towns is the width of the overhanging eaves. The reader need not be reminded that, after the Venetians and the Genoese had ceased to be the traders and travel seekers of Europe, the Portuguese became the boldest and most far-going of merchant adventurers. This peculiarity of the eaves, the bold projection of the tiles, with upward curves that are finished off with fantastic terminals of twisted iron, is a fashion brought from China. In the more primitive parts of Oporto, and more markedly still in some of the provincial towns, where the streets still preserve the ancient Moorish characteristic of extreme narrowness, the eaves overhead nearly touch from opposite sides, leaving but the space of a foot or two for the sun's rays to fall through downwards into the perpetual twilight below, with something of a Rembrandtesque effect upon the unglazed workshops, where men and women are busy at their daily toil: cordwainers, braziers and coppersmiths, cork cutters (women chiefly labour at this curious trade), carders of wool and winders of silk, gold lace workers, jewellers, handloom weavers, and labourers at many other simple handicrafts that in this primitive land are still wrought by men and not by machines.

To see the real Oporto, the inhabitants and not their dwellings only, a bird's-eye view is not enough, and we had best descend from our watch-tower and mingle, on some great fair day, with the people that throng the thoroughfares and crowd round every new thing that is to be seen or heard. Chiefly are they attracted by the stage, cart, or carriage of the better sort of travelling pedlar or Cheap Jack.

We want a less derisive name for these itinerant merchants of the street. I know gentlemen in the higher departments of commerce with not a tenth of the trading dash and the dignity of deportment of some of their wandering brethren. One is ashamed to use such contemptuous terms as Mountebank, Merry Andrew, or Cheap Jack, for these personages; and it is difficult to understand why a profession which requires a ready wit, a compliant temper, a gift of copious, appropriate, and intelligent speech, an agreeable presence, a persuasive manner, a dignified carriage, and a bold and adventurous character, should not be held in the very highest esteem. Can anyone not see at a glance that a concentra-

tion of the aforesaid qualities in one individual would enable their happy possessor to achieve almost any sort of eminence? How, for instance, could a gentleman so endowed fail to mount to high place as a member of Parliament? Moreover, some of the so-called street mountebanks are, in addition, to my certain knowledge, men of a nice conscience, consistent opinions, and high respectability.

In Portugal, as elsewhere, the members of this profession are seldom natives, and it is clear that the use of a foreign tongue lends a strangeness and adds force to their patter. In this country they are oftenest Spaniards, sometimes Italians, and sometimes of that nondescript, hybrid breed, so common on the Continent, where the fine Hebrew intelligence is joined to the homelier mental elements of the Teuton or the Slav; and I have even found an English merchant adventurer upon the highways. He was one of the most eminent I have encountered.

Passing, one day, through the square that lies beneath the Clerigos Tower aforesaid, I saw an open carriage with two white horses drawn up and surrounded by a great crowd. From a flag-staff fixed to the whip socket of the box seat floated a large nondescript flag, and a grave elderly gentleman of military appearance, with short-cut grey hair and a white moustache—a tall, gaunt figure, decently clad in a dark blue frock coat, buttoned to the throat—was fluently addressing the crowd in the worst Hispano-Portuguese I ever heard. In gravity, in dignity, in meagreness of feature, he was a Don Quixote; in stateliness of manner, a Sir Charles Grandison. The staple of the trade of this imposing personage was nothing but lead pencils; but they were pencils of so conspicuous a colour, and so prodigious a size, being no less than twelve or fourteen inches in length, and painted a vermilion red, and the vendor expatiated with such persuasive eloquence on their uses and merits, that in a very short space we all in the crowd fell a-wondering how existence had been possible to us hitherto without possession of a bright red lead pencil a foot long and as thick as a cigar.

The merchant dilated upon the incomparable properties of his pencil; and while he declaimed, two impassive individuals, his assistants, faced the crowd on either side of the carriage—clerkly

personages, decently habited in black, of less dignity than their master, but who might either of them (it struck me at the time) pass anywhere as beneficed clergymen of the Established Church.

At a sign from their chief, one of these men handed him a penknife and the other a pencil, which he proceeded to cut with something of an exaggeration of skill, rapidity, and grace. As he deftly sharpened the point he informed us that the pencil was indispensable in every department of human activity. Did we require, for instance, to make up our accounts? At the word a sheet of white paper was handed to him by one attendant, a square board by the other, and in a trice he had traced in huge characters line of figures, another beneath it, drawn a line under both, added them, and held the sum up to the admiring crowd. Then he wrote a sentence of Portuguese on the paper. It ran thus: "*A invicta Cidade presta homenagem ao Lapis incomparavel do abalisado Doutor X.*" Translated, the legend ran that the unconquered city (thus does Oporto proudly entitle herself) did homage to the incomparable pencil of Doctor X. He held it up for inspection, and a murmur of applause from the crowd greeted the compliment to their city. But the pencil could do more than that. The Doctor pointed to a man in the crowd and intimated to us that he would take his portrait. The people laughed, the man blushed, the portrait began. Straightway a huge nose appeared on the paper, the Doctor added an eye in three strokes, a mouth, a brow, and a chin followed as by magic, and in less than two minutes there was a speaking likeness on the paper. The crowd applauded and the master held up the red pencil. "Buy, my friends, this incomparable implement and you have in your possession the greatest treasure in this age of great marvels." He went on with a flood of bewildering rhetoric which took mightily with the crowd, though he spoke in a language which was as bewildering, for it was a linguistic mosaic in which one recognised words from all the tongues in Europe. But the people understood, so large and lucid were his gestures, so appropriate his by-play, and so surprising and entertaining was the whole extravagant performance, with a pervading breadth of humour in it, indeed, but not without a certain grotesque dignity and condescension.

The crowd pressed up eagerly to buy, and the beneficed clergymen had as much work as they could do in handing out the pencils to purchasers and receiving their price.

The Doctor did not busy himself with these sordid details of trade. He stood up in the carriage, a conspicuous figure amid the surging crowd, with his dark face and noble white moustache, in an easy attitude, a fine air of abstraction upon his countenance. The people no longer existed for him, while the demure travel of his regard passed serenely over their heads. Suddenly he caught sight of me in the outskirts of the crowd, and immediately he came down from the carriage and pushed his way to where I stood. He removed his hat, made me a stately salutation, and addressed me, to my surprise, in perfect English, in the English of an almost educated man, with no unpleasant twang, only something of a theatrical roll. "Sir," he said, "I would crave your official intervention," and he told me a common story of police regulations and restrictions. I bade him call upon me on the following morning. The next day was a Sunday, and he came to my private residence. The old man was evidently tired and worried by his troubles with the police. He exhibited his papers, which were in perfect order, and showed him to be a natural-born British subject. "Sit down, Doctor X.," I said, "and let me offer you a glass of wine." I rang the bell. A man who is at once an artist, an actor, an orator, an inventor, and a successful trader, is likely to be good company, and the Doctor was very entertaining. He was a gentleman, for is it not almost of itself to be a gentleman to be able to glide in talk over disagreeable topics and dwell pleasantly on agreeable ones? A word to the Commissary of Police settled his difficulties and established his full rights as a British subject.

At parting he drew from his pocket a parcel wrapped in silver paper. It was the incomparable pencil itself. With some humour he recounted the private history of his invention and his various troubles. We were behind the scenes. "Nevertheless, it is a useful article. Allow me, sir," he said, "to present you with this one." I took it. "But," I said, "you must allow me to pay you its price." "Not for the universe, sir!" cried the Doctor, waving his

hand with a large gesture of courteous protest. "Not a single penny, sir, for a thousand worlds!"

A less magnificent kind of merchant than this, but a man still more important in the economy of the people, is the rural pedlar, who carries a pack on his shoulder, with his pins, needles, reels of thread and silk, twine balls, laces, ribbons, and bead bracelets, his song-books, his pens and papers and pious pictures; or he loads a little swift-pacing ass or hinny mule with his wares and drives it before him through every high road, by-way, and bridle path in the kingdom. He carries more, a good deal, than his wares, for he is almost the only link between town and country, and hawks with them through the land, to the remotest woodland and mountain homestead, the jest and epigram that have been passed in the market-places and wineshops of the city. Certainly wit (next, of course, after virtue) is the most delightful and refreshing thing to be found among mortal men, and my urban readers who, no doubt, are hearing and imparting this commodity every hour of their lives, may forget how

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits,"

and can scarcely figure to themselves how rural dulness is brightened by the passing pedlar's traffic in verbal pleasantry.

The road merchant of Portugal is more like the pedlar that Shakespeare drew than any "licensed hawker" who now travels with a pack through rural England. Here in Portugal, Autolycus still carries poetic wares as well as more material tags and laces, and will sing samples of them to his customers with a merry voice. His voice and his manner, indeed, are a good deal merrier than his ballads, which are mostly of a very lamentable and weepful character.

The Portuguese pedlar is not, to my knowledge, a rogue as well as a wit, like Shakespeare's tramp, nor is he like the sullen, slouching tramp who carries a pack on English roads, between his turns on the treadmill, and who has all but hustled the genuine merchant of the highways off his beat; but, like Autolycus himself, he is, as I know by experience, often a most pleasant companion on "the footpath way," whom the traveller will do well to

accompany for a mile or two, and who, when conversation flags, will break pleasantly into song, with no thought that he is "sampling his wares."

Of course, being a fellow of a present wit and some audacity (else he would be no pedlar), the rustics may suffer at times if they dare to set their wits against his brighter ones; but is it not the inevitable lot of the simple of the earth that they must suffer in one of two ways when they contend with those whose wits are sharper than their own? They must either submit to be robbed, or submit to be laughed at; and I believe the Portuguese pedlar mostly consents to take payment in the latter innocent kind.

No sojourner or traveller abroad can help taking a deep interest in the ways of all these gentlemen of the road, farers by rail, steamer, coach, gig, or on foot, from the humble pedlar aforesaid, in frieze or fustian, to the noble commercial traveller in broadcloth—*Anglicé* "bagman." (Why is the term disdained?) The bagman is in truth the only representative in this unromantic age of the knight-errant of old who sallied forth, spear in hand (as his descendants with their samples), to redress evil and overcome tyranny. So do all these modern knights of commerce and missionaries of trade in their various degrees wander over the surface of the earth for its direct benefit (and their own), spreading a report of the "eternal veracities" whenever their packs are opened and their yard measure unsheathed. All the romance of the road in these days, all the adventure of modern travel (except for the occasional performances of that more irregular brotherhood of traders, the bandits and footpads) befall these knights of the pack and bag; and no pleasure traveller, not a mere supercilious tourist, but has some agreeable tale to relate of their courtesy and good fellowship.

Few of us who fare abroad, I fancy, who are not millionaires, gouty English dukes, or foreign Princes (with incomes), and who encounter numbers of this joyous confraternity, but must have felt a pang of regret that their own lines had not fallen in such pleasant places. The present humble writer, as may easily be supposed, is no such exception, and of the very few compliments which a far too austere world has paid him in his journey through life, he remembers none more welcome than that offered him by a com-

mercial traveller, unknown to him even by name, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal: "You really should be one of us, sir," this kindly gentleman said, pitying, no doubt, my youth (this was some time ago), my innocence, and obvious poverty, and perceiving that I was not afraid of the sound of my own bad accent in two or three foreign languages. "You would make," he said, "a splendid traveller in hollow ware or dry goods" (he himself "travelled" in the cutlery department), "and I believe I could ensure you £500 a year." I thanked him heartily for his friendly suggestion, but told him I was already in the employ of an extensive firm in the neighbourhood of Westminster, and lived abroad on their account. When he caught my meaning he was good enough to laugh at this mild pleasantry. These gentlemen are of a kindly and tolerant humour.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

WHITECHAPEL.

WHEN the foreigner asks, "Which is the worst district in London?" the answer will probably be, "Whitechapel." Common fame and not accurate knowledge will dictate this answer. The series of murders, and the revelations at the inquests of the daily life lived by men and women, have so impressed the public mind that Whitechapel at once suggests to strangers thoughts of degradation.

To us, old residents, the name suggests quite other thoughts. We think of the 15,000 persons living in improved dwellings, inhabiting their one, two, three, or four rooms, enjoying light, air, and water provided by better sanitary knowledge and more intelligent humanity, leading simple, industrious, and upright lives. We think of the thousands of foreigners keeping up in our midst customs, some picturesque, some untidy, some shocking to the nose and taste, but themselves walking for the most part in sober and quiet ways. We think of the Fine Art Exhibition, the Students' Free Library, the Recreation Ground, the Swimming Baths, the flourishing clubs, and the many institutions, religious or secular, which show that some of the people live by something else than by bread alone. We think, lastly, of the Poor Law administration, which has drawn to Whitechapel the attention of the most thoughtful reformers. Out-relief has been abolished, and instead of 5,000 persons cringing and cursing every week around the relief office, out-relief is now given to six aged persons who survive from the old days. The abolition has not tended to any increase of indoor relief, and has called out such voluntary service that help now reaches those in need through friendly hands.

Many of its inhabitants may be poor, many may even be of

that helpless class whose wants and weaknesses break the hearts of reformers. Some of its areas like that of Bell Lane may contain dwellings unfit for habitation, and fit for demolition by the County Council; but to us, old residents, Whitechapel means the home of some of our best friends, the scene of many heroic acts of patience and devotion, the place where some of God's best servants live in holy communion with Him and with one another.

Description of the Criminal Quarter.

Whitechapel does not deserve its common reputation, but it has not been gained without some reason. There is lying in its very centre an old-established criminal quarter, three or four acres in extent, notorious as Flower and Dean Street, Thrawl Street, and George Street. For some unknown cause—perhaps because such characters have the habit of congregating near the City walls; perhaps because old mansions like Essex House afforded in the neighbourhood a sort of warren in which escape from justice was easy; perhaps because of neglect of duties by those who had rights—these streets and some others which have now been cleared have long been inhabited by thieves, loafers, and dissolute persons. The freeholder at the beginning of the century seems to have obtained from Parliament powers to deal with the property, but evidently he did not use the powers to establish a good occupation. The quarter is a sort of Alsatia. The police keep order in the main surrounding thoroughfares, and at one time urged the expediency of leaving the criminals to congregate undisturbed so that they might be at hand when wanted. This is no longer urged, but the late revelation has shown that in a district within a mile and a-half of the Mansion House neither the Ten Commandments nor Acts of Parliament are recognised as law. The life so revealed is now the stock-in-trade of sensational writers, and the world grows weary of horrors. Mr. Charles Booth, author of *Life and Labour*, describes the people in calm language, which is much more instructive. He says:—

"They are casual labourers of low character . . . and those in a similar way of life who pick up a living without labour of any kind. Their life is the life of savages, with vicissitudes of extreme hardship and

occasional success. Their food is of the coarsest description, and their only luxury is drink. . . . It is not easy to say how they live—the living is picked up, and what is got is frequently shared. When they cannot find threepence for a night's lodging they are turned out at night into the street. . . . From these come the battered figures who slouch through the streets, play the beggar or the bully, or help to foul the record of the unemployed—these are the worst class of corner men, who hang about the doors of public-houses, the young men who spring forward on any chance to earn a copper, the ready materials for disorder when occasion serves. . . . They render no useful service, they degrade whatever they touch. . . . While the children left in charge of this class is proportionately small, the number of young persons belonging to it is not so. Young men who take naturally to loafing, girls who take almost as naturally to the streets, some drift back from the pauper and industrial schools, others drift down from the classes of casual and regular labour."

In this moderate language Mr. Booth describes the people who occupy the Flower and Dean Street quarter. In like manner it is possible to describe their habitations. These are "common lodgings" and "furnished lodgings." The "common lodgings" are under police supervision, and certain rules as to cleansing, the number of inmates, and the immediate removal of the sick, secure health. They accommodate men at threepence or fourpence a night, the "doubles," as they are called, having rooms for men and women as well as for single men. The inmates occupy a common kitchen and in turn cook their food at the big fire. In this kitchen some bully often dominates, and the prevailing opinion is that which favours the escape of a thief and laughs over the corruption of the young. The "deputy" who is left in charge by the owner is simply concerned to get in the payments and to prevent such fights as might necessitate the calling in of the police. The "furnished lodgings" are much worse in character. They are rooms in tenement houses, fitted with the most meagre of sleeping accommodation, cleansed at rare intervals, overcrowded, it may be, at once by any number of people, and occupied, it may be, during the night, by many couples in succession. For each occupation eightpence or tenpence is charged.

As a means of showing by the evidence of eye-witnesses how such people live in such places, the following extracts from the

reports of some of the Toynbee Hall men and others who have patrolled the streets during the last year may be useful. The extracts are taken almost wholly from the record of one month.

September 16th. Row between two men at 12.20 a.m. Five minutes afterwards, in same place, found man bleeding from stab in neck inflicted by a woman. Great noise from crowd. Man refused to charge woman.

October 6th. Disturbance in Fashion Street. Three women had been knocking about a drunken man, who had a nasty gash on the left eye and was bleeding profusely. 1.15 a.m.: A woman created a disturbance in Wentworth Street—lots of people about.

October 9th. Woman's head badly cut by a man. Charge brought next day by Mr. ——, but not being supported by woman was dismissed.

October 20th. Saw four men and as many women enter one house in Flower and Dean Street. Two couples seen to leave the same house after being there ten or fifteen minutes. In every case saw men stopped by women in the street.

October 22nd. Two women fighting in Thrawl Street. Man and woman fighting on second floor of house.

October 29th. Saw a woman dead drunk dragged along the length of Flower and Dean Street.

The record, from which these extracts are sufficient, extends through many folios, and bears witness to the disgrace and brutality to which men and women have fallen. The incidents related are of various kinds, of some of which it would be a shame to speak, some of rows between the drunken, some of the escape of thieves protected by the whole community and welcomed almost at every door, some of assaults on strangers, some of dissoluteness shared in by boys and girls, some of open vice. One of the last records is of a fight between women stripped to the waist, which in the early hours of the morning was enjoyed by many children; and on August 1st, an American lady who visited the district, "its notorious character being known through the States," gave the following account of her visit:—

"I saw two men attack a woman, one struck her and she bled profusely. Almost immediately after, the two men fought. I stepped into a coalshed, and then a policeman came and stopped the fight. I said, 'Sir, you should have arrived earlier.' He answered, 'Madam, these things are of daily occurrence here.'"

It is, indeed, because they are so common that they are so little known. The police can get no charges; the sufferer of to-day is the

wrong-doer of to-morrow; differences seem more easily settled by fights than by the law, and all the police can do is to prevent the fights having a fatal issue.

Such is the life led in the criminal district of Whitechapel. To us who know that life, the murders seem the least of the evils brought to light. That a maniac should act as a maniac; that having no reasonable object for his act he should escape detection; that women should put themselves in such positions, and in consequence be killed—all this may be horrible, but the horror is not equal to that implied by the degradation and brutality of a whole community. The mere capture of this murderer seems to us, therefore, of less importance than the reform of the area in which the victims are prepared. The area is described by the police as "a plague spot." It infects the neighbourhood, and it tends to spread. The children seeing such sights as are common in the streets grow familiar with vice and find interest in its excitement. Many are the boys and girls who have been drawn from the influence of home, schools, guilds, and friends by the attraction of this free bad life. The country people taking lodgings in this neighbourhood, being cheated and abused, learn in their turn to cheat and abuse. Such "a plague spot" must be cleansed, and the area being limited to four acres the cleansing ought not to be impossible.

Remedies: I.—By Charitable Effort.

The agency which is always at hand and which can be at once applied is charitable effort, and in no place is charitable effort more active than in this neighbourhood. There is the patrol of the streets undertaken by the residents of Toynbee Hall and other inhabitants. There are "shelters," "mission-stations," "preachings," undertaken by the members of various sects as well as by individual missionaries.

The patrol was started with a view to create a public opinion which should assist the police in keeping order. The practice has been for two men to walk the streets between the hours of 11 p.m. and 2 a.m. They at once summon the police when a disturbance occurs; they give assistance if necessary, and offer themselves as witnesses if a charge can be got. They take note of all they see, of

the use made of the houses, of the conduct of the police, of the state of the streets, and each week present to their chairman a signed record. Their presence and their constant communications with the authorities have probably had some effect in producing a better state of things. The police no longer feel themselves entirely without moral support, and the people are learning that back courts are not licensed for fights. It was small blame to the police that they let things be done in the streets which were approved in the houses, that they did not interfere to protect sufferers who the next moment might brutally inflict on them some life-long injury, and that they aimed at getting a reputation for "tact" by letting wrong alone. Their duty in this quarter has been hard; individual officers may have shown temper or weakness, but as a body they have done their duty well. The policeman is, after all, only the substitute for the citizen, the man who carries out in the streets the opinion of the people in the houses. If the opinion of a whole neighbourhood is in favour of vice he is naturally less careful for right and good. The presence of the patrollers has reminded him that there is another opinion, even in Flower and Dean Street, and as a rule he has done his best to carry out that opinion by enforcing order and preventing wrong. It is a question whether "opinion" can be imported from other districts for so long a period as to change the character of the district. It certainly should not be necessary for hard-working men to have to patrol streets and demand the order which ought to be demanded by the inhabitants themselves.

The charitable effort which has taken this shape may have done some good, but it hardly represents a remedy. It does not make amends for the want of that charity which leaves the vicious with no neighbours but the vicious. Christian opinion is not to be imported or exported, it must grow in the soil. The imported opinion by the patrollers is an exotic; the opinion of the district itself must be for order before right will be done, and this is hardly possible while the houses are under the present management.

The other form taken by charitable effort is that of Missions. There is probably no square mile of London in which there are so many bases of missionary enterprise. They have various names,

but hardly differ in their operations. Their reports tell how refuges have been opened in the very centre of the notorious district; how to all comers is offered food and lodging at no cost, or at small cost; how, by loving words and kind acts, the hardest natures are touched. The intention is good, but the method is not commended by experience. The offer of food and lodging appeals only to the worst side of those whose aim it is to live without working. It releases them from all necessity to make an effort, so they loaf, they waste, they sin. Why not? They can win a lodging with a lie. The first effect of this charity is, therefore, that large numbers of the loafing or criminal class are drawn to the district and brought within its evil influences.

The establishment, too, of a Home or Refuge in the very centre of a vicious quarter assumes more strength of will than can be expected of those who have done nothing more for virtue than accept a free lodging. Under the impulse of momentary anger or momentary enthusiasm, the poor creatures enter the shelter. They are kindly received, warmed, fed, and comforted; they say they intend to lead a new life, but the next morning, waking up within sight of the old haunts, hearing, perhaps, familiar voices, their strength fails and they go out to the old, bad life. Some may hold on long enough to be removed to a "Home," but the reports which tell of the hundreds rescued do not tell of the hundreds who relapse, and from the numbers given there can hardly be a vicious person who might not have had experience of a "Home." Virtue, by means of free shelters, is dressed up in spurious attractions; it offers the vicious what they want on easy terms; it says, "Give up your ways and I will give you food and lodging." Many accept Virtue on these terms, but never having cared for her, and never having hated vice, they do not continue. Those only can be saved who have faith to make some effort, and to promise the faithless salvation is to degrade salvation. The second effect, therefore, of this charity is, that the way of virtue is blasphemed—something is called "virtue" which was won without effort, and there is no understanding of the virtue which means self-mastery, the love of others, and the joy of God. For the sake of trying to heal "all the sick folk," the chance of healing one is missed, and the talk of

those who have been in Homes often makes the way of virtue to be despised.

Good people must do good work. Good men or good women going in and out among these people, quietly getting hold of a boy here and a girl there, unostentatiously touching the human in some brute, are doing, and must do, good work. These rouse no greed; these provoke no blasphemy; these save the fallen by calling out the faith which makes the effort to turn from evil; these, like the Master of Man, are content if they can heal one, though many have to be left unhealed. Of these more and more are wanted; but of free shelters, free breakfasts, and endless preaching, there is more than enough.

Charitable effort, if it meant the personal service of devoted persons, might be effective to clear even such evils as abound in Flower and Dean Street. If, that is, the people who call themselves Christians were, as followers of Christ, to give up their ways and take to His ways, they might, as individuals, by love and wisdom and power, raise the fallen. For such a reign of Christ we wait; meantime we have to recognise that the charitable efforts of patrollers and of missionaries do not avail. Their goodwill and their devotion are not strong enough to oppose forces bred by long neglect and nourished by present conditions.

II.—By the Landlord.

The agency which might do something against these forces, and which is also at hand, is that of the landlord. He has an immediate interest in the district; every quarter he receives the rents; he has granted the leases; he knows their covenants, and at their termination he has power to close or to renew. He, being in this immediate contact with the people, would seem to be the one whose duty it is to prevent the misuse of one house to the injury of the inhabitants of another. He, being the first to be aware of the rows, the fights, the orgies which disgrace the neighbourhood, should be the first, by means of watchmen, or by application to the police, to stop the abuse. He, having it in his power to enforce covenants, should use his power to put an end to bad occupations, and as leases fell in it might even be expected of him that he

should board up the property rather than let a scandal continue. The loss incurred in waiting for a good tenant is a loss fairly deserved by the neglect which has let evil grow to such an extent. All this the public has a right to expect from one who is lord of the land; if in addition he made it his care to see that the tenants shared some of his luxuries, and enjoyed a sufficiency of air and space, he would only be doing what was done by the old feudal lords by whose laws he benefits, but whose customs he does not follow. When landlords use the language of tradesmen, talk about supply and demand, and urge that their relation with their tenants is that of simple contract, they forget that, as successors of feudal holders and of patriarchal squires, they have received rights never given to tradesmen. The landlord has exceptional powers and he might do exceptional things. His powers indeed are so great that as long as he permits abuses he may be said to share in their profits. He, if he lets one tenant break a covenant unchecked, if he allows one house to continue in bad occupation after the lease has been surrendered, is morally as well as technically part-owner in a house of ill-fame, and the rents he takes are the price of others' shame. As the public conscience gets every year more Christianised, landlords will be compelled to exercise their powers; and then the force which opposes charitable effort will no longer be too great. The plague spot will be cleared, and the individuals will be saved.*

III.—By the Law.—(*a*) New Laws.

There is, however, one other agency which might be used—the law—better laws, and better administration of existing laws. Better laws can hardly be called an agency close at hand, so long does it take to make the rival parties which govern the country lay aside their rivalries and pass the law which removes a real abuse. Such a law would be one enabling the local authority to deal with an area morally insanitary as it does with one physically

* With a view to future action, it would be useful if a register of landlords could be made and published. A register of occupants is put up every year for inspection on the church doors, but no one knows of the landlords whose property breeds profit for them, while it may breed mischief for the neighbourhood.

insanitary, though perhaps more of the cost might be thrown on those participating in the profits. By means of such a law the area in question would long ago have been cleared, and the management put in the hands of those with the power and the will to see right done. Under Lord Cross's Acts unhealthy areas in the neighbourhood have been cleared, and the change wrought by landlords of good will is very marked. Another law which is wanted is one to control the so-called "furnished lodgings." They are not technically houses of ill-fame, and so they escape condemnation under the Acts levelled against these houses. They are not in the occupation of a person or persons who use them for immoral purposes; they are used by mere passengers, and an extension of the law is needed to check a use so low that it seems never to have been contemplated as possible by previous legislators. Further, the law which governs the management of common lodgings might be improved. Lodgings should be licensed only in houses of a fairly high rating —"doubles" and "singles" should not be allowed under the same roof; the houses should be on main thoroughfares, and the provision of more than one common room and of sufficient offices should be enforced.

(*b*) By Administration of Existing Law.

The better administration of existing law is the chronic want of London. The streets in East London are ill-lighted and ill-cleansed. Drunkenness goes on in the public-houses, dirt and noise make life hard and joyless. Existing laws provide, if they were enforced by the Vestries, that there shall be no dark corners tempting to vice by offering security from recognition; no filth in the streets to make housewives hopeless; no persons drunk because they have been served when beyond their own control; no streets given up to noise and rioting. There may be some reason in the present system of local government which throws the expense of lighting and cleaning on a body of poor ratepayers why poor districts should be dirty and dark; but the real reason of the neglect to administer law is distaste for the duty. Men who make great efforts to get a new law passed shrink from the daily drudgery, the search into details, the unpleasant conflicts involved

in putting laws into action. The better administration of the law depends on the growth of public spirit and of the will to do things which do not win renown. The ideal Christian to whom a small wrong and a great wrong are equally offences against God, who seeks no praise from men and is no respecter of persons, is also the ideal administrator. Such men on the local Boards would not be content that people should be satisfied with dirt; they would not consult their own ease or dignity; and they would sometimes make things uncomfortable for their constituents. The question remains whether this is possible when a community is composed of only one class; whether, indeed, local government is possible in London till in each area of government there are sufficient of each class to support the governors in setting their faces against wrong-doers in any one class.

Effect on the Criminal Population.

If, by some means, by the action of landlord or law, the district were cleared, the Christian conscience of the public would still ask, "What will happen to the people?" "When they are scattered, will they become any better?" "May not seeds of vice take root elsewhere?" To which it may be answered—As long as a community of vice exists the habits of generations are felt to be against order, and public opinion makes the first step to virtue impossible. As soon as the community is broken up some of the individuals, released from its pressure, would turn to good; others missing its support would be less evil, and happily the breaking-up of such a community as that which exists in Whitechapel must mean the scattering of the individuals. There is no district to which the whole body could swarm, and in most districts the individuals would find an atmosphere prejudicial to vicious habits. There is another advantage which would come to the people themselves if the law were rigorously applied. They are often what they are by indolence; they are in one sense the pets of society, people who easily win gifts, men and women who have been let off their duties. Their want is stern, rigorous treatment, and the experience of being "moved on" will be in some way beneficial. Sternness and kindness are fellow workers not often enough seen together. They who

would help their neighbours must be stern—absolutely resolute to give nothing except in response to effort, strict to bring home to each the result of his misdoing, deaf to all excuses why the thing to be done was left undone. They must be stern and they must be kind with the kindness born of the belief that beneath the lies, the vice, the indolence, is the spark of good which love may by patience cherish into a flame.

In a word, it is only the service of those in whom is the spirit of Christ which can effect any good. The object of breaking up this criminal quarter is that the individual criminals may be brought within touch of the Christian influences of the day.

The Needs of Whitechapel.

Whitechapel, however, let it be once more repeated, is not criminal. Its needs—if once the four acres were cleared—are not to be met by police and missions. Whitechapel has other needs which are real and pressing. There are two sites besides the criminal quarter condemned as unhealthy and closely inhabited by poor and industrious people. They need to be cleared. There are ignorant men and women who, labouring all day without holidays or leisure, have forgotten all their book-learning: they need educated friends who will teach them to organise themselves so as to raise their wages, to amuse themselves by rational pleasures, and to take interest in the things which belong to humanity. There are foreigners—strange and timid—they need someone to teach them English, to lead them to adopt the English standard of cleanliness, and to give them the welcome due to strangers. There are intelligent workmen and clerks eager to know more about the world in which they live: they need teachers who on Sundays, in class-rooms or in the fields, will teach them with simplicity and sympathy. There are boys and children, swarming in the streets, disturbing others and wearying themselves with noise: they need those who will take them into the country, found for them guilds and clubs, play with them in the open spaces, and guide them as they pass from youth to manhood. There are the poor, broken by loss or sickness, injured by careless charity: they need the patient visitor who will generously and thoughtfully give,

considering them not only as people to be fed, but as men and women aspiring to be free and independent. There are the selfish, the coarse, the hopeless: they need that knowledge of God which transfigures life and which can be given, not by tracts but by those who themselves have learnt the truth through study, through feeling, through pain, and through prayer.

Whitechapel, like other East End districts, as not in itself inhabitants for the service of all its needs. It has, though, by the service its people render to the common wealth of London, a claim on the leisure of other people; the claim has already to some extent been recognised, and some of its needs are met by those who have themselves settled in our midst. The demand, though, is far beyond the supply, and we who know Whitechapel well still hope for others who will work and live in our district.

SAMUEL A. BARNETT.

THE SHAH'S IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE.

IT is just twenty-six years ago that I was presented to Nasr-ed-Din Shah on my return to Teheran from Central Asia. A residence of some weeks among the Turcomans—who were at that time a scourge which filled all the northern borders with dismay and terror—was esteemed to be an extraordinary event in the Persian capital. It was natural that the Persian ruler should desire to become personally acquainted with the European traveller who had ventured into such a nest of scorpions, and I was received by Nasr-ed-Din Shah in his kiosk, surrounded by his nobles and Ministers. His first question referred to the daring nature of my enterprise, and he inquired how I had been able to deal with the predatory and suspicious children of the desert. I replied: "Language, sire, is one of the most powerful weapons in the world, and irresistible even by Turcomans."

The Shah, at that time only thirty-three years of age, and still of youthful appearance, remarked in the course of conversation that I looked well, in spite of the terrible hardships and privations which I had suffered. I answered that my appearance only reflected the splendour of his Majesty, and in this way the ice was broken; the Shah responded with a gracious smile, his courtiers nodded, and I was thenceforward counted among the Royal favourites.

In my previous relations with him I had already observed that Nasr-ed-Din Shah appeared to advantage beside the other Oriental princes with whom I was acquainted. Although an autocrat in the strictest sense, this was evident in many ways. He keenly

observed the political conditions of Western Asia and Europe, and displayed much intelligence with respect to our history and social state. I was very much surprised by his geographical knowledge, and especially by his knowledge of those parts of further Asia with which Western people were, at that time, unacquainted. At his request, I drew up in the Persian tongue a short account of my wanderings and adventures in Turkestan, so that my first literary work on the subject was, strangely enough, written in an Oriental language.

Time passed on. I had never lost sight of Persia, its people, language, and literature; and, since the wave of political action frequently overspread the borders of Iran, my interest in that country remained uninterrupted. Although the Shah of Persia had twice visited Europe, we had not again met, and it was only on the occasion of his third visit that I was able to renew my acquaintance with him under rather singular circumstances.

I was standing in the magnificent hall of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, surrounded by my academical colleagues, in order to receive the Shah's official visit to our institute on his journey through Buda-Pesth. Nasr-ed-Din Shah was little altered in appearance; twenty-six years had traced few furrows on his face; his eye was as bright, his bearing as erect and dignified as before; he had somewhat increased in bulk, and his expression was less gloomy. When I greeted him in the Persian language, making use of the titles and metaphors which are in use in Persia, the Shah seemed surprised; he pushed up his spectacles, turned to the right and left to ask who I was, remained thoughtful for a moment after he had heard my name, then his colour rose, and he cordially extended his hand to renew our old acquaintance. For two days I was constantly in his society, and conversed freely with him about his third visit to Europe, and I now propose to impart to the reader what I learnt from this intercourse.

In Europe the fact of the journey itself has not been sufficiently appreciated as a daring protest against the obscurantism of the East, its fossilized conservatism and Moslem fanaticism. In spite of the over-mastering superiority of Europeans, which has imposed so

many humiliations on the East, Orientals are still filled with a sense of predominance, and they prize their culture and philosophy more highly than our own. In the case of the Chinese, Siamese, Hindus, Arabs, Turks, and Persians, a journey to Europe leaves an impression of the absurd and the extraordinary, rather than of anything really worthy of admiration and honour. Exceptions to this fact are very rare, and what we say of an ordinary Asiatic is still more applicable to an Asiatic prince. When I recall a public appearance of Nasr-ed-Din Shah in Teheran, or some other Persian city, preceded by hundreds of guards with white staves, while his subjects are kept at a distance by a fear of scourges, and avert their eyes from royalty, I had reason to be astonished when I saw the Shah surrounded by the populace in Buda-Pesth, or heard the worthy inhabitants of Bradford press forward with the greeting: "Good morning, Shah." Among us he was addressed as Sire, Majesty, or simply as Shah; while in his own country his most modest title is "O, thou Centre of the World, Imperial and Supreme Majesty, Sea of Earthly Greatness," &c. All these mighty titles were laid aside, and the Shah smiled good-humouredly when, in the throng at the National Museum in Buda-Pesth, an inquisitive servant-girl rather rudely touched him on the shoulder, in the endeavour to see the diamond he wore suspended from his neck. In Persia, and elsewhere in the East, this would have been regarded as a monstrous offence.

The question has often arisen, What can have impelled an Asiatic autocrat in his sixtieth year to forsake the splendour, luxury, peace, and comfort of his own home, in order to wander through Europe, and to go through the labour of visiting so many schools, factories, and military and philanthropic institutions? Some have supposed that his motive was simply a love of adventure and the charm of being well-received in foreign lands, since it is assumed that the Shah is so weary of court etiquette, of the endless disputes of his Ministers, and the intrigues of foreign diplomats, that he sought relief at the expense of a long journey through Europe. There is doubtless a grain of truth in this surmise, since the Persian King, and indeed the Persian people, resemble in many respects an intelligent child who is always yearning after change and wishes to be

fondled. Yet we must look higher for the special cause of Nasr-ed-Din Shah's journey. He is, undoubtedly, an Oriental Prince who is penetrated with a sense of our superior culture, and who has the highest appreciation of the scientific discoveries of our age. He has for many years bestowed great attention on our aims and endeavours, and takes special interest in a closer view of the world which he has observed from a distance, and in the wonders contained in our great cities. I cannot absolutely assert that Nasr-ed-Din Shah came to Europe with the hope of acquiring greater energy and experience for the introduction of our culture into his own country, as has been so quickly done in Japan, so as to transform the wide but thinly-peopled Iran as if by the wand of a magician. Nasr-ed-Din Shah is too well aware of the vast distinction between East and West. He knows that magic has no effect in questions of culture, and his first object appears to have been the personal acquisition of European ideas, so that they might be diffused among the nobles and gradually overspread the masses of the people.

The point in the Shah's journey to Europe which claims our special admiration is the spirit of religious toleration with which his progress through foreign lands was undertaken and executed. Unrestricted intercourse with Christians is not permitted, since they are *Nedjis*, or unclean, and it would involve the necessity of purification. A strict believer will not even allow the shadow of a Christian to fall upon his body, and it is not unimportant that the Pontiff of the Shiite world and some sixty companions of the same faith should come among unbelievers without being regarded in their own country as renegades who have abandoned their religious faith and must be despised accordingly. The Sultan, the Khedive of Egypt, and Indian princes of Moslem faith, are not subject to the same restrictions, and that Nasr-ed-Din Shah should, nevertheless, have paid three visits to Europe shows that he is enlightened in religious matters and is free from all prejudice.

I must frankly admit that since I saw the Shah twenty-six years ago he has made considerable progress in several departments of European learning ; and, indeed, it is not too much to assert that he knows more of the French language than any of the other

Mohammedan princes in the East; and he is also the best informed in matters of art and history, and in the social questions of Europe. I was quite astonished by his remarks on the history of some European countries, as well as his comments on some of the pictures which I pointed out to him in the gallery; and a short conversation which I held with him in the Paleontological section of the Buda-Pesth Museum would have done credit to a scion of a European dynasty. If, in spite of all this, he is subject to the defects of an Asiatic autocrat, a ruler who is regarded as a supernatural being, this is no sufficient reason why he should be held up to scorn and mockery as an eccentric, half-crazy Asiatic despot.

It was undoubtedly surprising that when the Shah reached Brighton he should amaze the company collected to receive him by suddenly leaving the carriage and hastening to the beach, in order to play with the children who were standing ankle-deep in the water. So again, when he visited the Buda-Pesth Museum, he noticed a charming child in its nurse's arms, and remained standing among the women and servant-girls in order to twine the child's hair round his finger, and stroke and fondle its rosy cheek. People were equally astonished when at a review he asked for the sabre of one of the Hungarian cavalry, in order to test it by some thrusts and blows directed against his well-loved son-in-law, Medjid-ed-Dowleh. Some wiseacres assumed that the cruel tyrant was actuated by a bloodthirsty instinct, although it was in fact only a harmless jest, just as his affection for the boy Aziz-el-Sultan (*i.e.*, dear to the Sultan) must be ascribed to Nasr-ed-Din Shah's love of children. The most absurd tales have been circulated about this boy, who is hardly eight years old. Yet the boy, who is very rational and even intelligent for his age, is merely a plaything which happens to please the Persian King. We fondle dogs and cats of every shape and size, while Orientals prefer children, for which no one need blame them.

In a word, the renewal of my acquaintance with the Shah has left a most pleasing impression, and has convinced me that our civilisation and opinions are making slow but steady progress in the East. We have the greater reason to rejoice over this move-

ment in Persia, since the Persian nation must take part in the decision of very important political questions, and it cannot be a matter of indifference to the friends of civilisation to know that the Shah returns to his own country with the most favourable impressions of the importance and moral qualities of the British nation.

ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY.

COMMERCE AND WAR.

ABOUT the middle of this century there was a period of thirty years or so when Commerce was preached as a gospel, success in it as the surest token of national greatness, its rewards as more blessed than any other that this life affords, and its princes as the truest benefactors of mankind. It was an accident, perhaps, that the enthusiasm of Trade coincided with the predominance of the hard and narrow form of Protestantism called Evangelical, but not that it was associated with the ascendency of the Manchester school of politics. From Manchester the cult proceeded; thence came the doctrine that exalted Commerce into the most worshipful of all pursuits, and thence, and from one or two kindred seats of pride, came the largest supply of those heroes of the mill and the money-bag whose lives are chronicled in the high romance of Mr. Smiles. Commerce has become far greater since that time, in the sense that its operations have been enormously enlarged, and that all the benefits it is capable of conferring on mankind have been vastly diffused. But it is not so much of a gospel now as it was in the days of Mr. Cobden; and though its decline from reverence is explained by reasons that must be deplored, there was a great deal about the preaching of it that the world is well rid of.

Of all the many foes of social dignity and social happiness, cant and error are about the worst; and the cant that was preached about the nobility of Commerce at the time of the Manchester New Birth was as lamentable as the error that accompanied it. In the error, indeed, there was great danger; but if it was a foolish and perilous belief that the extension of trade would be the extinction of war (and no persuasion was more confidently held or more widely disseminated by the commercial prophets of the Cobden

period), some excuse for it may be found in righteous aspiration as well as in mere plausibility. But those heroics about the nobility of Commerce; those celebrations of a new poesy in docks full of ships, and the ships all missionary; of a new religion in temples of labour three hundred feet long and six storeys high; of new-time heroes in the millionaires who once swept the temples of a morning at 15s. a-week, and actually lived on bread and cheese—all this was a more degrading cant than human nature might have been expected to tolerate for six months together. In point of fact it lived and flourished for years. The platform resounded with it; the periodical press breathed it forth at every respiration of its mighty lungs; even the pulpit was infected with it. Those who remember that time know that it would be impossible to exaggerate the prevalence of as bad a kind of cant as a nation could well be poisoned with; and though the speech and the literature that diffused it were mostly ephemeral, it may still be heard occasionally at public meetings, while to this day books are published to inflame the youth of Great Britain with Manchester hero-worship above all.

Sentimentalism, either in politics or the governance of society, ought on no account to be encouraged. On the other hand, it is never too soon or too late to protest against false ideals in popular teaching. And, while some may be the better, none will be the worse for understanding that there is no nobility in Commerce. Let not the "merchant prince" flatter himself on that score, no matter what the magnitude of his transactions or their profit. Magnitude is not nobility, neither is usefulness; and the best that can be said for Commerce is that it is useful far beyond what its votaries intend, and productive of much more comfort than they ever design. In life itself there is no nobility; all depends upon the employments of it. Commerce is one of its employments; and while it is often, in the hands of those who resort to it as a means of wealth, deliberately reckless of human misery, it never rises above the necessary and the useful. The methods of Commerce may be innocent—even generous; in many cases they are so. Its greatest gains may possibly be the most honourable; but even so, the Commerce that boasts of ships on every sea, looms in miles of factories, cash-reserves in half-a-dozen capitals, has no more nobility in the

whole mass of it than travels in the huckster's cart, supposing the huckster a fair-dealing man. Ten thousand transactions in buying and selling are just as ennobling as the exchange of a basket of bread for a pair of breeches, and lift a man to precisely the same height above his fellow creatures. That Commerce bestows upon good men a means of doing good is, of course, glaringly true; but that is another thing. The goodness is not in the means but the application of them. There are pursuits that cannot degrade—medicine, for example. Commerce can, and does. It may be, and often is, a means by which good-nature flourishes—sweetening and enlarging by the very exercise of its own helpful kindness. It may be, and often is, a nursery of all that is most selfish, dishonest, and detestable in the man who takes to it; and the whole question as to whether Commerce is or is not akin to the virtues depends upon the preponderance of its very opposite influences in the community at large.

But as to the usefulness and necessity of Commerce in the world as we find it, or have made it, there can be no doubt. Of course, if human happiness be the question, it is possible to mourn with reason over the necessity—comparing the gentle life of lands and times that found contentment in tillage and shepherding, a few handicrafts and a little barter, with the roaring, struggling, stifling life in great cities to-day. There are plenty of wise men, however, to tell us that the compensations of the roaring, struggling, stifling life are ample; which we may believe or not without doubting that there is no use in weeping over the difference for the worse, if such a difference there really be. Good, bad, or indifferent, we must go on with an order of things which is the outcome of natural and perhaps inevitable processes of social development; though it is not obligatory to do so without protest against the glorification of what needs purifying infinitely more. Yet we can all understand how the "spread of Commerce" came to be hailed as the hope of the human race in the middle of this century. There had been very bad times before then. Trade itself, indeed, had been improving, but the burdens of many previous years were enormously heavy; labour of all kinds was oppressed by an amount and a variety of taxation which in these days would be thought unendurable; and it fell

heavily on the poor, whose long day's work was rewarded with very scanty pay. Meanwhile, British Schools and penny magazines had contributed to a general awakening of the poor to their privations, as well as to a fuller knowlege of the little decencies, comforts, and refinements of life that lay just beyond their reach. Discontent was at that time far more turbulent than it is now, and it was not becoming less dangerous when the grand discovery of the uses of steam as a motive power in transport and manufacture changed the whole prospect of affairs. At first suspected and then violently resented by the artisan classes as death to manual industry, the use of steam machinery soon opened out to them such prosperous times as they had never hoped for, while the enormous immediate advantages of Free-trade gave full assurance to their expectations. Nowhere else in the world could the discovery and the policy have produced such happy results with half the speed. Here was such a body of craftsmen as could nowhere else be matched. Necessity, the mother of invention, has produced a very pretty breed in the United States since that time; but in the "thirties" and "forties" of this century there was a greater and readier supply of mechanical aptitude in these islands than all the rest of the world could furnish. The indispensable material to begin upon—coal and iron—lay ready to hand in matchless abundance, and the advantage of its possession was immensely increased by the coal and iron being found close together. Beyond the silver streak within which all this good fortune was confined were many growing colonies, and one vast dependency with a swarming population, all ready for the new traffic. Elsewhere, the commercial enterprise of the country and the excellence of its goods had founded markets half over the world, and the road to those markets was familiar to the largest and best protected mercantile marine that the seas had ever known. London remained (from its geographical position) the most convenient port of distribution on the face of the globe; an advantage which foreign merchants have always been more keenly aware of than our own. Lastly, there was no lack of capital. Though a comparatively poor country as measured by the standard of riches in these days, there was money enough in England for all the needs of enterprise, with a stronger backing of credit than was

anywhere else enjoyed. In short, no single advantage necessary for a full and rapid use of the new discovery was lacking to the country where that discovery was first applied.

This concurrence of happy circumstances was enough of itself to kindle an enthusiasm of Commerce where already there was plenty of feeling in its favour; and, to increase it, the positive substantial benefits of the new day poured in abundantly. It is not necessary to catalogue them, or to tell how widely and rapidly they were spread throughout the nation. All this is sufficiently remembered or can be recalled without difficulty; and no one who is able to throw back his mind from these times to those will fail to understand how easy it was for Commerce to take the prodigious pride in itself which it then displayed, or the elation of its dreams. Much it could do that no man of sense will seek to depreciate in any mood. The stimulus to over-population, the crowding of cities, the massing of misery, the physical degradation of the people, the creation of new privations by the generation of needs not easily supplied, the establishment of an almost complete dependence on other nations for the food-supply of this—such drawbacks as these must be confessed; and it should never be forgotten by those who think for the people that only while the compensations which Commerce offers continue and increase will these drawbacks retain a character no worse. If the compensations fail, by diminution of trade or the inadequacy of labour-profits, the drawbacks will become miseries and the miseries dangers. As to that, however, we need not be much concerned at present, except as to one particular which we are about to touch upon. That meanwhile the vast and sudden expansion of trade has not only multiplied the number of wealthy homes by hundreds, but has lifted the whole mass of the working population into a higher scale of physical comfort, can only be denied by those who question what physical comfort means, or reduce its degrees by the test of relative enjoyment. Neither is the nurturing of the arts and the wider distribution of their pleasures to be forgotten; nor—though that may be thought by some a lower matter—the enormous accumulation of capital, which, as a "stand-by" as well as an executant of enterprise and a ram-head of competition, is no small thing.

would dwell upon all this very willingly, but there is no need of it.

Yet so much may be said to show that while I abhor the cant that invests Commerce with the honours and attributes of Virtue, I do understand that trading on a vast scale brings many and great advantages to the nation where it is continuously successful.

And now let us proceed to the main point of these remarks. According to the prophecies of the middle of the century, the grand advantage which Commerce would bless mankind with was the abolition of war. The process was often described; it was very plausible, and was generally believed in (amongst Englishmen) as highly probable, to say the least. Briefly, Commerce, spreading rapidly from this grand centre of it over all the more civilised nations, would draw their various peoples into a common interest. Better acquaintance with each other, which trade intercourse would procure, would make men ashamed of their old race-hatreds, which would be abandoned accordingly. That done, it would be no longer so easy for monarchs and ministers to gratify the lusts of their own ambitions, avenge a personal slight or please a woman's whim, by plunging their subjects into all the dreadful sacrifice of war. It would be the less easy because the spread of Commerce was the same thing as the diffusion of general enlightenment; and (the race-hatreds being extinguished) while no people would henceforth be willing to cut the throats of another merely because they were foreigners, none would permit an interruption of the new-found blessings of civilisation by quarrels that ought to be settled by arbitration—the merchants' own method. That, expressed at large in more eloquent and confident language, was the prophecy. Plausible it may have been, pleasant it was, false it has proved to be. I say nothing about the wars that immediately followed. How little they were restrained by the new doctrine most men are able to judge without assistance. That they were bloody beyond example, prodigal beyond precedent, is familiar knowledge. The point I am coming to is this: So far has Commerce been from abolishing war that it promises to become the most fruitful cause of it. Not that there is any surprising novelty in that. It may be true that the mere lusts of personal ambition have occasioned most wars, and that others had their cruel and ignoble origin in the gratification of personal spleen. But trade has not only been the excuse, it has been the motive of

many a half-forgotten conflict; and our own chronicles are not without record of such wars. Therefore, why it should have been assumed, even in that blessed year of millennial mirage, 1851, that these rousings of commercial strife would set war to rest, is something of a wonder. It is a wonder that can be explained, of course; but, looking to the present and the future, what we see is, that if we live in a time when the solicitations of personal ambition are more restrained than they used to be, and if war is less to be dreaded from princely revenges of insult or the influence of female charm, there is a widening promise of it from the stress of commercial ambition and the multiplication of its rivalries.

The commonly accepted theory of trade competition is that it is eminently peaceable; and within the limit of certain conditions—which are obviously far from narrow—the theory holds good. When a nation is in the fortunate position that England enjoyed a little while ago—with the command of all the markets of the world opened to her by predominance in arms no less than by "the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise," with boundless means of trade, no hostile fleets to fear, and none but a creeping rivalry to encounter—why, then the essentially pacific character of trade competition remains quite undisturbed. But it is not often that so many favouring conditions are found in alliance; and when they are, there is little likelihood that they will rest in lasting combination. For three or four generations they may continue to favour the fortunate nation where they have come together; but more than one great trading people has discovered the error of supposing that the strength of such a combination ensures its permanence. It is pardonable, perhaps, to the England of fifty years since that it should have repeated the mistake. In those days of unassailed superiority in commerce it seems to have been forgotten how much the prosperity of the nation was *founded* on war, as well as on a long course of piratical adventure hardly less conducive to the happy result. To be sure, the maxim that "Trade follows the flag" was heard more often then than in these later days; but the general notion seems to have been that the application of it had come to its last term, and that trade would continue to gather after the all-conquering British flag while the abolition of war secured tranquil

possession of it in the right hands, our own. Vast changes have taken place in Continental Europe since then; and, for us, the grand lesson imparted by them is that every dream of that sort must be abandoned.

The most striking of these changes relate to war itself, to science, and to industry. Each extorts a cry of wonder or dismay from all who survey them; but some of their deepest interconnections appear to be little noticed. A thousand voices have exhausted the rhetoric of alarm in exclaiming at the war preparations in which every strong Government in Europe competes, and to which all the populations submit without complaint. Men are "drawn from the plough and the loom" in vastly increasing numbers, where they were supposed to be on the brink of rebellion against the bread tax of military service and the blood tax of war; and this goes on although the people in every land have attained to a far better comprehension of their power, and their power rests upon a broader basis of legalised authority. While the "hero of Waterloo" was still alive to remind the world of what England had lately done and probably could repeat, there were no Continental armies counted by millions of men as there are now. In the flourishing days of Lord Palmerston, when the word of England had nearly all the weight of command, there was only one great navy, while considerable fleets that have since come into existence were not so much as dreamt of. Science, which was to have been more than ever "the handmaid of Commerce," has had much to do with the tremendous armaments that burden the populations of Europe and load the Governments with responsibilities very splendid but almost too awful to contemplate. If science has increased the wealth of the world, its inventions have added enormously to the cost of war, and, while multiplying the forces of devastation, have given to them a rapidity and scope which, terrible as they have become, do not shock the conscience of humanity as much as was predicted. And it is not that science has added to the mechanical means of destruction alone. It has helped to swell the numbers of men drawn from hearth and home into these vast battalions. For, as war becomes more swift of execution, more urgent is the need of calling out the whole resources of a nation for instant use. The greater the destruction

of a week's fighting, so many men more must be ready to carry on the conflict. Thus it is that labour and treasure are drawn upon enormously, not only by the continuance of most of the old incitements to war, but also by the activities of science. The burden is not easy to bear: how is it to be borne? There is only one way, and its adoption is most urgent in countries that have no great accumulation of riches to fall back upon. The industry which is depleted on the one hand must be nurtured to the utmost on the other. Commerce must extend if war is to be fed; and not less—and this also has become a matter of deep solicitude for more than one great Continental Government—if the working population is to be kept quiet.

How much of England's power in Europe used to be attributed to "British gold" is a familiar story; and, though not so much is heard about it nowadays, the Government of this Empire is as deeply envied as ever for the material resources at its command, as well as for the better contentment of its people. Both advantages are traced to "colonial expansion" and abundance of trade. If a larger share in those advantages was pined for abroad in times past, the need of it has become yet more pressing for the reasons above indicated. On the one hand, the cost of war-preparations—much of it pure waste, from the necessity of constant change and renewal—and the awfully enhanced devastation of war (which is all waste) set up a far greater drain of money and labour. On the other, there is an ever increasing fund of popular discontent in most of the Continental nations, though there seems to be very little murmuring at the military impost itself. The "schoolmaster is abroad" on more errands than one.* The multiplication of books, pamphlets, newspapers, and the readers of them; the facilities of intercourse provided by railways and by aggregation in towns; a closer view of the luxuries of life and some little taste of its meaner comforts, have deepened and extended the feeling of discontent which is known and dreaded under the name of Socialism. How much it has spread, how much it is feared by such Governments as the German, the Russian, the Austrian, is hardly known in this country; for the

* In Russia, the propagandists of Nihilism, Socialism, and revolution generally, are school-teachers for the most part.

extension and the dread are both concealed as much as may be. But nothing occasions more concern to the great military Governments of Europe, not even the risks of the Armageddon which all are looking to as so very possible. Hence the craving for "colonial expansion," for extension here and there down to the sea, which has recently seized upon all the Continental Governments. Mere territorial ambition has something to do with it, of course; and also, of course, the desire of military ascendency. Thus, a great colonial commerce is at the same time the best excuse for creating a great navy and its surest source of maintenance when formed. But even the conquests of Russia in Central Asia have been largely carried on for commercial reasons from the first—the wealth and the trade of India being the prime original object. While as to these other nations—Germany for instance—the need of colonial and commercial expansion is far more pressing. It is needed to retain under the flag of the Fatherland the swarm of emigrants who, from poverty or hatred of conscription, stream off to other countries and are lost in them. It is needed to support those prodigious armaments, and at the same time to counteract the subtle poison of Anarchist Socialism by filling the workshops and raising the scale of comfort amongst the poor.

Here are strong and very special reasons for the craving aforesaid, as it operates on Governments—apart from the strivings of individual enterprise; and we must expect it to extend. All the more must we do so because the Continental nations have risen to a far higher plane of industrial advantage than they occupied when we looked down on them from our lofty heights of Commerce in the middle of this century. To this place they have been helped by our own principles of trade, together with a too insolent confidence that we could give any odds to those uncommercial foreigners. The unhampered exportation of minerals and machinery to low-wage countries not without skill has done much to abolish one of the grand conditions of our trade supremacy; while another, predominance in arms, has also suffered a decline which only a very disordered sort of patriotism will deny. And if *we* forget that our commercial prosperity was largely founded on war, they remember it who believe that they are now able to help themselves to similar

benefits. But how are they likely to do it? That is the important question—the important question for us, I mean. There are not so many new markets to create as there used to be, and, so far as they are concerned, the beginnings of a struggle which is sure to increase in intensity may be well seen in Africa. They are illustrated by the almost ludicrous maps of that continent published abroad, from which it appears that hardly a square mile of territory is left for the black man to call his own. This immense stretch of country is Portuguese; that vast portion British; this huge cantle, German; this Belgian; these others, which include the rest of the continent, are French, Spanish, Italian: the whole space marked out in appropriate colours. What jealousies and contentions have already broken out on the east coast and on the west I need not dwell upon; nor upon the fact, which may be denied but is certainly true, that those contentions have been marked by menace that would be meaningless but for the muster of bayonets behind it. But settle these particular rivalries in peace, mark off this "sphere of influence" from that range of commercial enterprise in perfect amity, and then remember that new lines of frontier have been established between all the European nations concerned. British, German, Portuguese, and Belgian territories border on each other in those distant places, while rivalry will of course go on, occasion for misunderstandings multiply, and opportunity for combination and intrigue continue. Till lately, we have enjoyed the enormous advantage of entire freedom from frontier difficulties in Europe, and all but complete immunity elsewhere. That fortunate state of things has changed, and in the natural course of affairs will change yet more. The extension of Commerce, the needs it has created or alone can satisfy, have added to the frontier lines of all the greater nations in Europe, carrying them to distant places which must necessarily be under the control of officials remote from the supervision of the central authority. For that reason alone the competitions of Commerce have increased the chances of war instead of diminishing them, and for no people so much as for ourselves. And there is something else to be remembered. The colonies and commerce we have won stand as an invitation to our well-armed and still arming competitors to take what is ready-made, since nothing so good can

be created in a world where all the best ground is occupied already. Whosoever forgets that puts out of account a momentous consideration, though it may not promise to come into immediate effect.

So it is that I, for one, regard "foreign affairs" (as our business beyond sea is called) as more important than any matter of domestic concern. Business it is, and it underlies every other. At bottom it is a question of bread; and it has to be considered in presence of a population which (thanks to the extension of trade) is accustomed to good work, high wages, and the enjoyment of many little luxuries which use has turned to necessaries; a population, too, so unacquainted with the privations which other peoples suffer from the ravage of war that it is hard to say how the taste of them would be taken. One thing is certain, at any rate, and to impress it on all who read this REVIEW is the matter in hand. Commerce has falsified the predictions of its prophets. So far from abolishing war, it has added greatly to the dangers of its occurrence. It invites to war, though the invitation is no longer alluring to Englishmen. And we—we who have all we want in the midst of other nations very sensible of need—shall find sooner or later that successful war is the only protection of commerce, or such ample machinery of war that attack is forbidden.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

IN THE OLD MUNIMENT ROOM OF WOLLATON HALL.

I.

A POURING wet day! no mistake about it! As I sit alone in the great hall—always cheery, and delightfully home-like and comfortable, despite its sixty feet of length and over fifty of height; with its double tier of great pictures—Snyders, Rosa da Tivolis, Rubens, Luca "La Prestos," Librects; the solemn old family portraits of Richard Willoughby, Chief Justice, time of Edward III.; "The Navigator," time of Edward VI.; and those dainty studies in blue of the fair young Baronet and his Duchess sister;—as I look up to the organ in the Minstrels' Gallery (the beautiful stone screen of which cuts some ten feet off the lower room), and down on the tables, covered with flowers and books—from the first folio of Shakespeare, in its battered cover, to the latest magazines—while glancing, I say, over all this, I hear the drip, drip of water on the lower leads, and the boding screech of the peacock without; and I plead guilty to a lengthened yawn.

Suddenly an inspiration seizes me—I will spend my morning in rummaging over the old Muniment Room. It must contain many curious old relics, for it has never been properly explored since the house was designed and built by "John Thorpe," of Padua, and Sir Francis Willoughby, just about the time when the remains of the Great Armada (having nearly ruined Portugal and enfeebled Spain, but failed to establish the Inquisition in Britain!) was drifting in remnants towards its own country.

I at once proceed to put my design into execution and climb the steep stone stair up to "Bedlam," that huge and useless room over the great hall, which, as seen from the outside, has been so criticised by architects, and called an after addition, the plans for which are, nevertheless, with those of the house, in Sir John Soane's Museum.

The room is supposed to have been used as a bedchamber for servants and retainers accompanying the guests who received the hospitality of Sir Francis Willoughby, the builder of this "New House of Wollaton" (as it is called in the old inventories, &c.), a house which captious old Camden says Sir Francis built out of vain ostentation, to show his great wealth; certainly the building of it made a very serious reduction in the rent-roll of his descendants!

Once up in "Bedlam," I turn out the old clothes chests to examine again the relics of bygone generations therein stored. One relic of deep interest is a jerkin or coat, said to have belonged to Sir Hugh Willoughby, the famous navigator, who went to seek the North-West passage to China. The coat is a sort of armour, composed of innumerable horn buttons closely stitched between folds of canvas. It seems to have been stained with blood, but there is no legend connected with these stains, for the gallant Sir Hugh and his crews were frozen to death in that icy land which since his day has proved fatal to so many as noble and daring as himself.

In those chests are also stored the wondrous needlework supposed to have been wrought by young Margaret of the House, when accompanying "The Lady Elizabeth's Grace," at Hatfield—that same Margaret who, as Lady Arundell, of Wardour, solaced the last moments of her Royal mistress. Here, too, are dainty coifs and pinners worked in black and white and gold in the Spanish mode; a robe in blue satin with raised work in gold and silver, also Spanish; a red velvet garment *à la* "Marie Stuart," alas! all denuded of its garnishing in gold and green; the rigid whaleboned bodice of my Lady Cassandra, daughter of the Earl of Londonderry, and the stockings in one piece of stuff (linen?) with open toes, worn probably by her spouse, a second Sir Francis Willoughby, who governed Dublin Castle at the time of the first Irish rebellion. Oh! and the gloves, all lovely embroidery; and the lady's workbasket done in beads—*temp.* Charles I., and later on; the gorgeous Court suit in gold and silver cloth, and the battered peer's robes in velvet of Queen Anne's day, down to the high-waisted satin frock, trimmed with tinsel flowers, which was the gala dress of the House's lady early this century.

Here, too, are hangings of embroidered white satin and strips

of splendid cross-stitch, the *débris* of the State beds beneath whose canopies Queen Elizabeth and Anne of Denmark and her Royal son must have slept; but where are all the gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments enumerated in the old inventories? the cope of "cremoysyn and greene damaske embrodered with angells and flower delices"—the cope of "blewe velvett branched with lyllye pottes,"—the albes, amysse, stoles, fannons and girdles, the altar-cloths and frontals, the vestment of "tawnye velvett with a crosse greene velvett *with the arms of the water-boudge*" and the "Olde vestment of blacke velvett with a cross of cremoysyn velvett *and the water-boudge upon hit*," each with its own albe, amys, stole, fannon and girdle?

This reference to the water-boudge embroidered on sacred vestments is curious: it simply occurs in the family arms as suggesting the name Bugge, which was the original name of the proprietors of Willughby-on-the-Wolds, whence was evolved the name of Willoughby of Wollaton.

These old inventories give us minute details of the contents of every room, from that known as The Quynes Chamber to those occupied by the servants, and utterly comfortless they must have been according to our modern notions. Systematic washing seems to have been undreamt of at those dates—about A.D. 1550 and 1609—for there is no reference whatever to basin or crockery of any sort, though we do find mention of three "towells" for the children, two sent to "Camebridge with Maister Thomas," and two, old and worn, with one of "flaxe," in the inventory of household "Naperye." There is no allusion to a mirror of any sort.

The bedroom furnishings for the Queen's Room, the Prynce's Chamber, the Duke's Chamber, and those of some of the principal ladies include one chair of some sort, in addition to the bedstead, cupboard, coffer, and fire-irons, which seem to have been the sole furniture of even the principal rooms, many of which contained two bedsteads. Even the fire-irons were few and scattered—one room has a "payre of tongues," another a "fyer shoffell," a third a "pere of bellowes," and a fourth a "pere of snuffers." Sir John Willoughby's own room has a complete set, including a hammer to break "coles," but the Quynes Chamber had none, and that of the Prynce only a pair of bellows, though they each possess one "jorne grete" (iron grate).

The bed in the Prince's Chamber had a canopy of red damask with gold lace, and the arms embroidered, "sylk curtains red and yellowe," "a sylke quylte lyned with red sea" (serge), "a fetter bed, a bolster, ij pylloes, a mattres and a pere of blankettes." It also contained "one cheere of blew velffed, a blewe velfett cushen, ij blewe curtins, a cubword, and a lytell square table"—not very sumptuous furnishings, we must confess.

The bed in the Quines or Quynes Chamber was canopied with "red velffett and other yalloe stuff," and had "a yalloe sylk covering lyned with yallowe sea" (serge). The only other items of furniture are "one cubward and on old blewe velffet cheare imbrodered."*

Several rooms contain only a "beddestedde of bourdes, a foldeinge table with trestells, two fourmes, and an emptye shippe coffer." Servants' accommodation was certainly not luxurious. Thus in Will. Sores Chamber the sole item is "one mattres," and in Margetes Chamber "an old mattres, a covering, a bolster."

I think the Wills and Margarets of the nineteenth century would scarcely appreciate such scant comfort!

But as regards the relics stored in "Bedlam," I have already rummaged those so thoroughly that I fear the closest investigation there will reveal nothing unknown. No! but in the chaos of the old Muniment Room there is ample material to keep wiser heads than mine busy for many a long day, and to give a shrewd insight into the social life of our forbears and their neighbours.

A good-sized but very plain room in one of the towers is the dressing-room of the master of the House. Sir G. Wyatt, who owned the House early in the century, must have had a dislike to old worm-eaten oak, for we find such entries as this: "Took down decayed wainscoat round the Hall, covered the walls with mastic, and painted them! . . . Increased the size of the Saloon, new sashed it" (alas! for the lovely old lattice); "put a plaister floor to it and to my room, where the wainscoat was also removed for mastic. . . ."

The mastic walls are roughly distempered, and much stained by a burst pipe, to whose sore damaging I shall allude later. One door is of massive iron, and in the wall is a huge empty iron safe. The

* The varieties of orthography in this short extract are worthy of notice.

furnishing is of the plainest description, but on moving a large table near one of the windows, and raising the carpet, a great iron door is seen in the floor. This requires some strength to open and lay back, and then a large hole is revealed, and a ladder, like the companion in a ship, leads down to the darkness beneath. I let myself down on my hands and knees and climb over the edge on to the ladder, and down into anything but fresh air.

Sniff! I love that dry, warm smell of age! the respectability of it is delicious; but all is dark, till I push back the iron shutters from the low broad casement, and let a flood of light into the wonderful room around me. A low den, like a wine-cellar, lined with bins three deep. In each of these are either packets, neatly tied and docketted, or bundles of papers, parchments, and old leather boxes. Large boxes of wood, some clamped with iron, some more modern, lie about the floor, and tin rolls holding deeds and maps, &c., are set up in corners. Old and modern inventories, in big brown tomes, lie on the window seats, and I turn to them, as I have often done before.

But that fearful burst pipe has bitter havoc to answer for. It burst when only three or four servants were left in the house; it flooded the floor of the dressing-room, and trickled down into the sacred chamber below, where letters, deeds, parchments, pedigrees, swam long before the mischief was discovered. Then papers and parchments, not unfolded, were dried in bundles, with the result that when, after long absence, the family returned and inspected matters, papers (possibly of value and interest) were hopelessly destroyed, and parchments rendered illegible.

I shall never forget my first visit. On the floor in a long box were exquisitely written pedigrees, emblazoned in colours and that old gold that never seems to dull or tarnish; the d'Eresby pedigree from before the days of Alice Bec down to the beginning of the sixteenth century; others beginning with every Royal House in the world and cleverly brought down to the owner of the House; some worked round in a circle, some of more modern date, and a huge one of less refined work, which we could only unroll to its full length in one of the great rooms. These, one and all, were thickly coated with white mildew, and the older ones much worm-eaten.

Near this box lay packets of papers, also thick with white mould,

many of them moulded together like soft bricks, having been dried in bundles tightly tied. Some of these simply crumbled into dust, and I greatly fear they may have contained certain treasures spoken of by Cassandra Willoughby (afterwards Duchess of Chandos) in her delightful and beautifully legible manuscript book of excerpts from papers in the possession of her brother, Sir Thomas Willoughby, the first Lord Middleton, one of ten peers all created on the same day by Queen Anne.

Duchess Cassandra, writing in A.D. 1702, in the days of Queen Anne, remarks "how much the price of things is increased" since the writing of certain old account books in her brother's library, such as "one dated ye 1st of Henry ye 8th, being A.D. 1509," in which velvet is set down at 5s. a yard, and "paid ye Taylor for making ye velvet gown," 2s. 4d. There is set down for "8 yards of Black Sattin" for a jacket £3 1s., but "the extraordinary expenses for Sir Henry Willoughby's Wedding did not in all amount to more than five pounds, including Holland" (supposed to be for shirts) "at two shillings the ell."

There are frequent entries of 4d. given to servants—also to the barber; but upper servants, such as the porter, and the Yeoman of the Lord Chancellor's Cellar, received 20d. Things have certainly changed considerably since "to the Lord Grey's Keeper" was given a tip of 4d.!

In this book is often set down "Given in Almes from one peny to six-pence"—thus, "To my Master for Offering to St. Edward fourpence, to our Lady Light fourpence," and for many more offerings 4d. at a time, *e.g.*, for Sir Henry Willughby's offering on All Hallows' Day 4d.; and for his gentlewoman 4d.; for Sir Henry Willughby's offering "Ye Holy Blood of Haylse and St. Keylam, &c., 8d." Several entries record rewards to a nurse varying from 20s. to 1s., and for the christening of a child 10s. Upon St. Thomas's Day a reward of 6s. 8d. was given to the Bishop of Lichfield and 1s. to his servants. To the Duke of Buckingham's minstrel on the same day was given 3s. 4d., and on New Year's Day 20d. to the players of Middleton.

At Christmas 3s. 4d. was distributed among the soldiers of Sir Henry Willughby's household, and during Christmas-tide the like

sum is three times set down for Sir Henry's pleasure in playing at cards. His steward's wages for half a year were but 13s. 4d. (surely they must have been largely supplemented by perquisites!), and well may Cassandra exclaim, "His travelling charges were wonderfull cheap," inasmuch as his expenses from Wollaton (*i.e.*, Nottingham) "with thirty Horses and lying there two nights (March ye 22nd, 1522) were but forty shillings. On June ye 16th, his charges to Warwick and lying there one night with twelve Horse amounted to 9s. 4d., and Aug. ye 10th, for his charges to Coventry with 17 Horse and lying there one night, there is set down 9s. 10d. On another occasion his expenses to and from Chester and there for five days with thirty-five Horse were 9lb. 8sh. 2d."

This last and several other journeys to Chester seem to have been necessitated by some legal proceedings in that city; and, in view of the costs of certain modern lawsuits, it is interesting to learn that Sir Henry's "Counsel and Atturneys" received "9lb. 16sh. 8d. the under-sherif 6s. 8d. and the jury and learned men 8lb. 4sh. 1d." We have, however, to remember that to find the nineteenth century equivalent of sixteenth century accounts, we have to multiply the sum stated by about thirty.

Moreover, expenses (or, at least, the mode of reckoning them) seem to have been liable to variation, for Cassandra remarks that in the accounts drawn up in 1558 by Mr. Medeley, one of the executors of Sir Henry Willoughby, he reckons very largely for his own outlay, setting down such details as "83lb. 6sh. 8d. for the Horses Bridles and Sadles wch he had spoyled about ye Business of Sir Henry's Will."

One of Mr. Medeley's account books which I have found reveals even such trivial details as the cost of sugar-plums wherewith to bribe the builder of this house to learn his alphabet, and of the counters purchased to give the future Lady Arundell her first lesson in arithmetic, to say nothing of the price of needles and pins, thus:—

12th July. 6th of Edward VI.: "For my nephew Francis, for a pound of sugere-plate and greete comfettes to make hym larne his booke. 20d.

"For twoe A. B. Sez. 1d.

"For halfe a pounde of Counters for my nece Margaret contaynyng in number XL. to lerne to caste with all. 8d.

"For a hundred of nedelles 8d. For thousand of pinnez 8d."

Here is a list of "the Cattle" which were killed for the use of the House from the 21st of September to the 2nd of November, A.D 1517:—

Of Oxen and other Beefs	29
„ Calves	19
„ Sheep...	53
„ Lambs	9
„ Porkets	1

Of the price of these animals we may form an estimate from another account for household expenses in A.D. 1547, besides what the land produced and presents sent. We therein find the following entries:—

	lb.	sh.	d.
Beeves, 32	25	12	0
Muttons, 131	19	13	8
Porkets, 15	2	5	0
Large Swine, 5	1	13	4
Piggs, 10	0	3	4
Calves, 8	0	16	0
Paid for Butter	1	18	2
„ For Cheese	2	7	6

In the book of Household Accounts for A.D. 1513 we learn that geese were then sold for 4d. apiece; woodcocks and chickens for 1d.; lambs for 8d.; sheep for 1s. 8d.; and a cow and a calf for 18s.; "Malmysse" was sold at 1s. 4d. a gallon; sack for 1s. a gallon; claret for 8d. a gallon; "oyle" for 2s. a gallon.

Perhaps the detail in these accounts which enables us most vividly to realise the housekeeping of those olden days is the periodical entry of £30 or £40 laid out at a fair, so that weekly entries are only for such items as fish, butter, and eggs; also "against Holy-day Time," such as Candlemas, there is always a sum set down for making wax lights.

From a later account book dated A.D. 1580 we find that on a certain day when thirty-four persons dined with Sir Francis Willoughby at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the total expenses amounted to "1lb. 8sh. 11d." And that on the following day forty-eight persons dined with him and forty-two supped. Every dish of meat, and the cost thereof, is entered, the whole sum amounting to "2lb. 16sh. 11d."

Among the accounts for A.D. 1587 there are entered in minute

detail the items purchased for a great dinner at Wollaton New House, when Sir Francis entertained the Earl of Rutland and his lady, and divers other gentlemen with their retinue, to the number of a hundred and twenty persons. Beef, mutton, &c., were "killed at home," but all extras, such as:—

"Ale to seeth Fish in, 2d.
4 Woodcocks, 1sh. 4d.
5 Snipes, 10d.
4 Plover, 10d.
8 Chickens, 2s. 2d.
3lb. of Corans, 1s. 3d.
3lb. of Pruins, 1s.
Musk Comfetts, 2s. 6d."

amounted to a total of "2lb. 14sh. 4d."

Cassandra (who was so named after her grandmother, a daughter of the Earl of Londonderry) was daughter to the "Natural Philoscopher," and seems to have been worthy of her great sire. Her graceful portrait, in a dainty blue robe, hangs on one side of the door of the great hall, as that of her eldest brother, Sir Francis, a real "blue boy," adorns the other side. Poor lad! he held the Baronetcy (given him at the age of ten years by King Charles, in recognition of his father's services to science) but a few years, for he died at twenty-two, a youth of promise in brain and beauty.

Cassandra's daintily written pages, now brown with age, as if to harmonise with the business-like brown leather binding, give us some notion of what the contents of this treasure-chamber may be, but the tomes of inventory give but little cue; and the disorder caused by the burst pipe has put the arrangements of the lower bins sadly out of gear.

There is not much help in such curt notices as these: "Item, say No. 105. Antient writings *temp.* Henry VIII., chiefly illegible"; or "a large Bundell of very antient papers, not legible in many places"; or "21 May, 1st year of Henry the First, a pardon to J. Willoughby, Esqre., of all murders, felonies, &c., under the Great Seal"; or "a Bundell of writings in time of Edward III., and a Bundell of letters of no use" (?)—especially when the dockets are lost, and some of the bins jammed up as if feet and fist had been used to cram the papers into them.

Among the most remarkable letters in the library at Wollaton, Cassandra tells of one to Sir Henry Willughby from "King Henry ye 8th, all writ with his own hand," but so mislaid that she could not find it to copy. She, however, gives a copy of another from Henry VIII., and one from his first Queen, Catherine of Aragon, both dated from Grenewicke (Greenwich). The King's letter desires his trusty and well-beloved knights to see to it that "our shire of Nottingham" be provided with "habyliments for ye Warres in arredyness agensse ye malignitie of ye Scottes."

Here is a copy of Queen Jane Seymour's letter to her trusty and well-beloved servant, Edward Willughby, knight, announcing the birth of Edward VI. :—

"Trusty and well beloved we grete you well & forasmuch as by thinestimable goodness & grace of Almighty God we bee delivered & brought to bed of a Prince conceyved in most lawfull matrimony by my Lord the Kings Majestie and us doubting not but that for the love & affection which ye beare to us and to the comynweale of this Realme the knowledge thereof shuld be joyous and glad Tydings unto you we have thought good to certifie ye of the same to thintent ye might not only render unto God condigne thanks and praise for so great a benefite but also contynually pray for the long cotynuance and preservation of the same here in this life to thonour of God joy and pease of my Lord the King and us and the universall weall quiet and tranquility of this hole Realme,—Geven undr Or Signet at my Lords Manour of Hamptone Ct the 12th day of October, A.D. 1537."

This letter is apparently addressed to the Knight of the Sepulchre, who lies in effigy in the parish church, with his four wives beside him, and whose younger son, Sir Hugh Willoughby, was that daring sailor who, sixteen years later (when the baby whose birth was announced in this letter was the dying King), sailed in command of two small ships and a barque, to try and discover a north-east passage to India and Cathay, but was frozen to death, with seventy of his company, off that part of Lapland still known as Willoughby's Land.

The handsome young King, who was slowly dying either from poison or consumption, was keenly interested in the expedition, and gave Sir Hugh commendatory letters to "the Kings and Potentates inhabiting the north-east parts of the world towards the Mighty Empire of Cathay," and as, on the 11th May, 1553, the three little ships, weighing respectively 160, 120, and 90 tons, sailed down the

Thames, less than two months before his own death (July 6th, 1553), King Edward caused his attendants to carry him to the window of his Palace at Greenwich, that he might watch their departure and receive their last salute. For the greater safety of these vessels they were sheathed with lead to protect them from boring worms—a precaution of which this is the first record in English naval story. Curious instructions were drawn up for the guidance of this little fleet. First of all it was ordered that there should be "humble and heartie praier" every morning and evening on board of each ship, the Bible and paraphrases to be read devoutly and Christianly to God's honour. But in dealing with other nations the subject of religion was to be ignored, and the explorers were to feign agreement with the customs of the place where they found themselves. There were strict regulations against "Carding, dicing, and such other divelish games." Vigilance was specially enjoined, for "There are people that can swimme in the sea and rivers, naked, having bowes and shafts, coveting to draw nigh your ships . . . desirous of the bodies of men which they covet for meate."

From Sir Hugh's diary (which two years later was discovered beside the frozen crew by some Russian fishermen), it appears that the fleet encountered a succession of storms and fogs, so that the year was far spent ere Sir Hugh with two of his ships reached a harbour on the coast of Lapland. On the 18th September they espied on the main land "beares, great deere, foxes, with divers strange beasts, to us unknown and wonderful." Here they determined to winter, and here one and all perished. The third vessel made its way to Archangel, and opened the way to commerce with Russia.

Among the letters of which Cassandra gives us a summary is one "from which ye Name is Rotted off," dated from Boton Malherbe, June, 1550. It is addressed to the widow of Sir Thomas Willoughby, apparently by his brother, endeavouring to dissuade her from wedding young Knyvet, a man greatly her junior. He desires her to consider that her age is such that she cannot expect more children, and to think how subject she is to sickness; he prays her to judge if such a young man can desire her to marry him for any other reason but what he can get by her. At present her circumstances are such that she can make her friends welcome to her house, of

which she is both master and mistress. But should she marry these friends must be neglected to make room for her young husband's young acquaintances. And, whatever he may say before marriage, she must expect that after it will be hard for her to keep the inheritance of her estate from her young husband for her young children.

"To avoid being tedious," says the writer, "take this for a certain truth, y^{t} if you doe marry your young man, you will not only utterly undoe y^{r} self & Children, but also lose ye Hearts & good will of y^{r} assured Friends," "of whom," says Cassandra, "he professed himself one, & writ y^{t} during her Widowhood he should be glad to do her any pleasure, or if she would marry such an one as her Friends might hope to see herself & Children find comfort from."

There is another letter from Thomas Grey, Marquis of Dorset, to desire the assistance of his loving cousin, Sir Henry Willughby, in carrying five hundred loads of wood out of Sheldon Woods to Oxford, which timber he had given "the Cardinall towards the building of Christs Colledg." He desires to know how many carts he will furnish by such a day from such towns as he has "joyning to y^{e} Lordship of Sheldon," and assures Sir Henry that such a pleasure he shall remember during his life, besides the thanks he shall have from the "Lord Cardinall's Grace."

Another interesting entry refers to "y^{e} Castle Tun in Holbourn," as having been entailed by Sir Henry Willughby.

This Sir Henry Willughby was sent to Norfolk to quell a rebellion headed by Robert Ket, a tanner, and was there killed in 1548. His wife, Lady Anne, had died very suddenly in the previous year, and an ancient monument in the church at Wollaton marks where both lie buried. They left their three young children to the care of Lady Anne's brother, Henry, third Marquis of Dorset, the father of Lady Jane Grey.*

* Lady Anne's grandfather, Thomas, son of Sir John Grey of Groby, was created first Marquis of Dorset, soon after the marriage of his mother (Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Sir John Grey) to Edward IV. This marriage formed a link to the Royal family, in that Elizabeth Woodville was great grandmother to Lady Anne and Lord Dorset, as well as to King Edward VI., Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth.

Lady Anne's brother, Henry, Marquis of Dorset, married Frances, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk by Mary, daughter of King Henry VII., and widow of Louis XII. of France. He was constituted Lord High Constable of England at the coronation of Edward VI., and

Thomas, the eldest boy, was then about eight years of age, and Francis, the youngest, about two years. With due respect to the mysteries of ladies' ages that of little Dame Margaret is not recorded, but we may infer that she was the eldest of the three.

The Marquis of Dorset being Lord High Constable of England, and in daily attendance on the young King, Edward VI., desired that the children should join him in London. He therefore ordered that twelve horses should be sent for from Wollaton, and a cart and horses from Middleton to come up to London with Mrs. Margaret and little Mr. Francis Willughby, attended thus: a servant to carry Master Francis before him, another servant to carry Mrs. Margaret, a horse for her governess, Mrs. Lenton, another horse for the maid, and four for the four men to wait upon them, a man to lead a horse to carry the "Mall," and two more servants to take care of "ye horses."

This reference to "the Mall," which I assume to have been the personal baggage of the party, is not suggestive of many changes of raiment! Five years later, however, John Hall (who was "ye baily" at Middleton) received orders to send up to "ye minories by two trusty servants, all ye apparell of Gownes & Kyrtells, and all other things appertaining to Mrs. Margaret Willughby," which remained in his keeping at Middleton. He was desired to place "Woollen Blankets between the Gownes and Kyrtells to defend them from fretting and wet." Imagine the feelings of a smart ladies' maid in the nineteenth century at such modes of packing!

In this fine apparel Mrs. Margaret was taken to Court by "the Lady Frances' Grace" (whose place was to attend "ye Queen in ye Privie Chamber") and was very much commended and so well approved for good behaviour, that Lady Frances did not doubt

five years later, in 1551, he was created Duke of Suffolk. By Lady Frances he had three daughters, of whom the eldest was the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey. Duchess Cassandra finds that in the fourth year of King Edward VI. "my Lady's Grace," with Lady Jane, Lady Catherine, and Lady Mary, attended by ten gentlemen, repaired to London to "Lady Mary's Grace"; this she interprets to mean "yt ye Dutches of Suffolk, with her three daughters, went to Court to wait upon ye King's Sister, who was after ye King's Death, Queen Mary."

Poor Lady Jane was proclaimed Queen of England in July, 1553, and beheaded on the 12th February, 1554, and ten days later, on February 23rd, 1554, her father, the Duke of Suffolk, was likewise beheaded on Tower Hill; yet the doubly bereaved widow and mother was in the same year commanded to attend on Queen Mary.

"but in a short time so to place her about ye Queen's Highness as to content all her friends, and also be to her great preferment."

About this same time it was deemed expedient to put Mr Francis Willughby to school, and on him centres great interest as the builder of this New Hall of Wollaton, he having succeeded to the estates in 1558, when his elder brother, having over-heated himself with hunting, "fell sick and dyed."

Apparently a high standard of education was aimed at for this elder brother. One entry shows that he was sent to Cambridge. Another (suggestive of the paternal Government of China or Japan fifty years ago) proves that 6s. 8d. was paid to the Clerk of the Signet for "ye writing, seal, and Lycence for Thomas Willoughby to goe beyond sea to ye University of Paris, to study." It is not, however, certain that the young lord of Wollaton availed himself of this permit, as he seems to have lived in the house of Lord Paget, and to have married his daughter.

Like some young men of more recent days, he evidently objected to an over close investigation of his accounts, as shown by his letters to John Hall (manager of his Middleton estates) requiring money, "not yt the Lord Paget denies him anything, but he would have some money to spend which he would not acquaint Lord Paget with." He also desires John Hall to send him his mother's cross-bow.

In 1565 Mr. Francis writes to his uncle, the Lord Grey, to announce his engagement to the daughter of Mr. Lyttleton of Frankley, in Worcestershire. He tells how he had been invited to many houses, "amongst ye rest (as he trusts God did appoint it) to this house, where in ye end it was moved to him first by good Lord Dudley, and after by Mr. Lyttleton, a marriage between his daughter and himself. After good deliberation it had pleased God to give him a liking to ye young Gentlewoman, who had had a good education, and was descended from a House of great Antiquity, well Friended and Alyed," (allied) "and Mr Lyttleton's offers with his Daughter being Reasonable, he was fully minded to match himself to her."

Mr. Lyttleton offered to give his daughter "1500lb. to apparel her decently, to bear their charges at ye time of their marriage, and